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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 17, 1962 25 CENTS

HEAVYWEIGHT

CHAMP

Strive On Until ....

I. Graduation . . . a day of success
What glorious meaning that's singular and true
A feeling which only graduates can better feel
The thrill and happiness it brings.

II. Reminisce beautiful thoughts,
Sweet memories of days gone by
And with inspired hopes for the future
We shall keep climbing on.

III. From yonder, the horizon of the East
Where the sun's rays shall shine and rise
The stars, with its romantic sparkle
With these we feel the joy on graduation d

IV. But . . . graduation is also gloomy and dreary
Because of goodbyes and farewells
Goodbye to our beloved Alma Mater, teache
classmates and friends
To one and all we shall say "Thank yo
"We love you," "We'll see you again."

V. All of them have helped us
To reach this glorious day
With

VI. Friends, after graduation
The road may be rough
But with goal in our hearts
We shall fight them all out.

VII. With determination, we shal
With trust in God, we shall be strong
We'll seek His help, then do things right
And one day we'll find that we have attained
success in our flight.

by Minerva M. Ra
IV -

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE NEW MICRONITE FILTER

Refines away harsh flavor...
refines away rough taste...
for the mildest taste of all!

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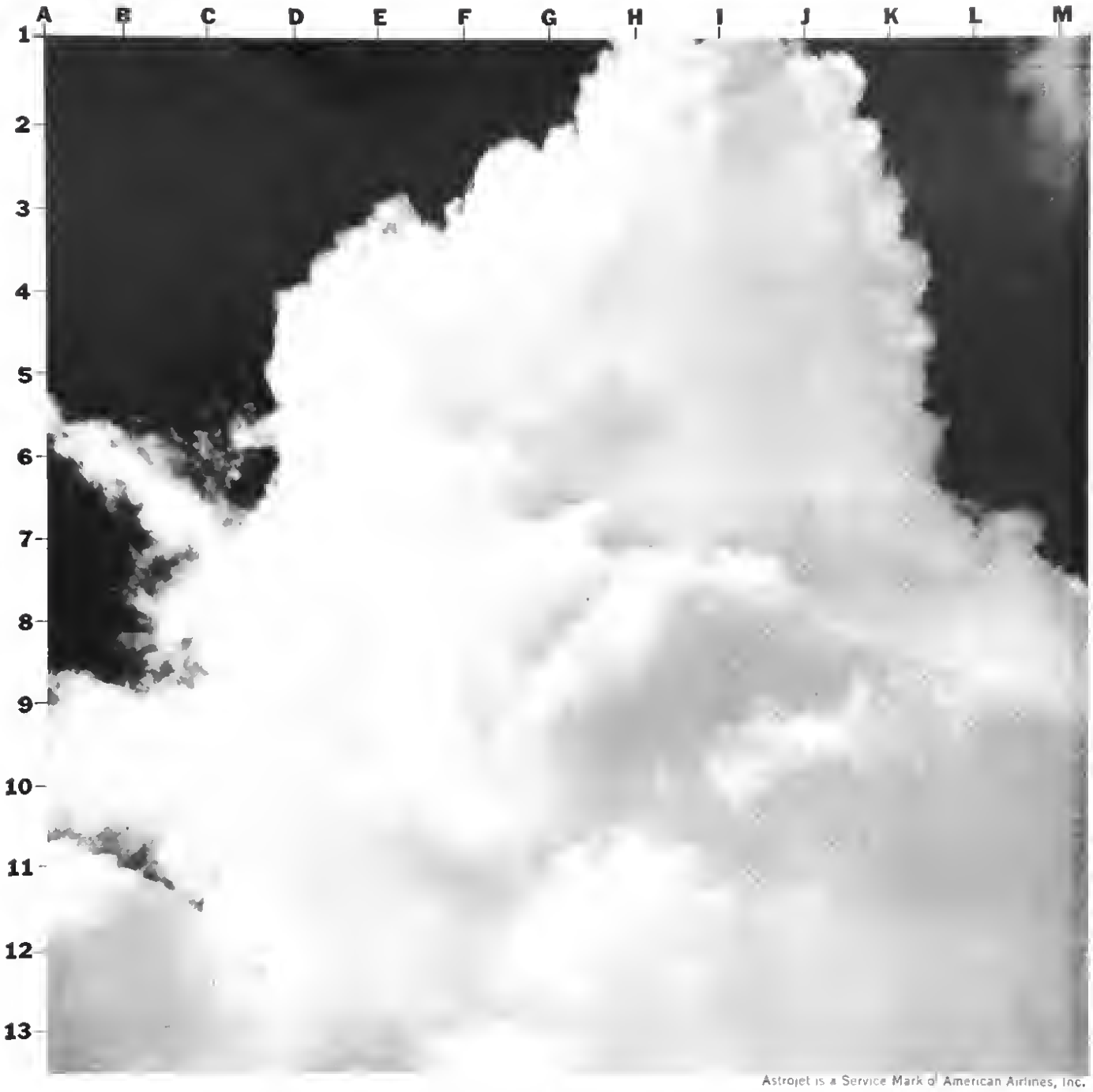

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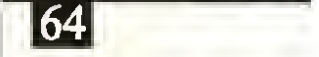

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Next week

FOOTBALL SPECIAL: On Saturday, Pittsburgh plays Miami to begin the season. In its seventh annual football issue, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED takes you to the Midwest for a delightful afternoon on the Carleton College campus. There are scouting reports on more than 175 major and small college teams, a close look by Roy Terrell at the extraordinary—and sometimes exasperating—Woody Hayes of Ohio State and, for those who like controversy, Alfred Wright's choices of the best college players of all time. Plus news and pictures of the week's major sporting events.

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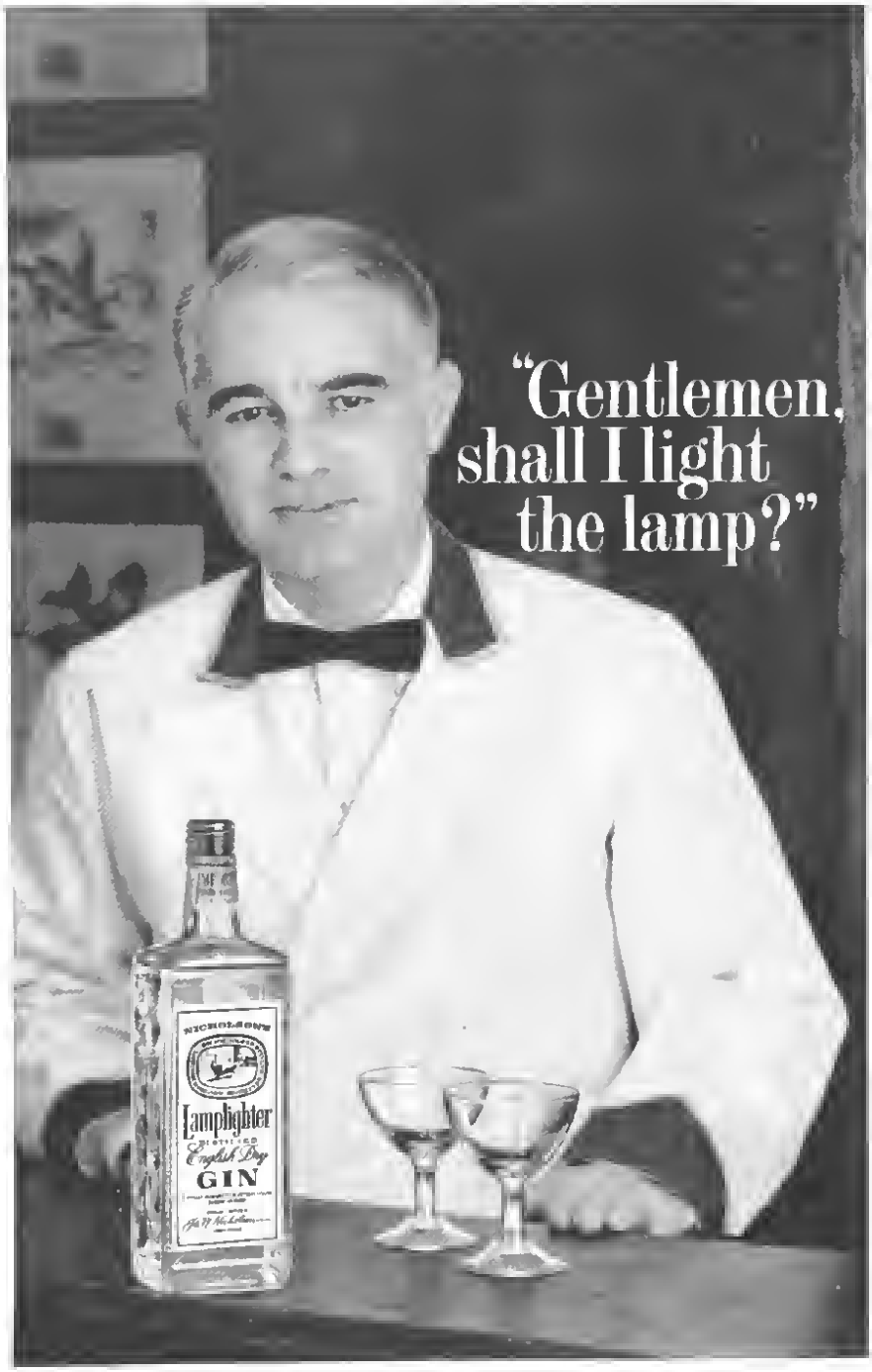

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POINT OF FACT

An America's Cup quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

? *Where and when was the first race for the America's Cup?*

• Off the southern coast of England in 1851.

? *The only foreign entry,* America, *won the race and the trophy, defeating 14 British boats in an open race. How did she happen to be there?*

• The Great Exhibition was being held in Britain and, since the U.S. pilot schooner was the most typical American product, members of the New York Yacht Club had *America* built to sail over and represent her country.

? *The trophy she won is now known as the America's Cup. What was it called originally?*

• The Hundred Guinea Cup—from the cost of the trophy.

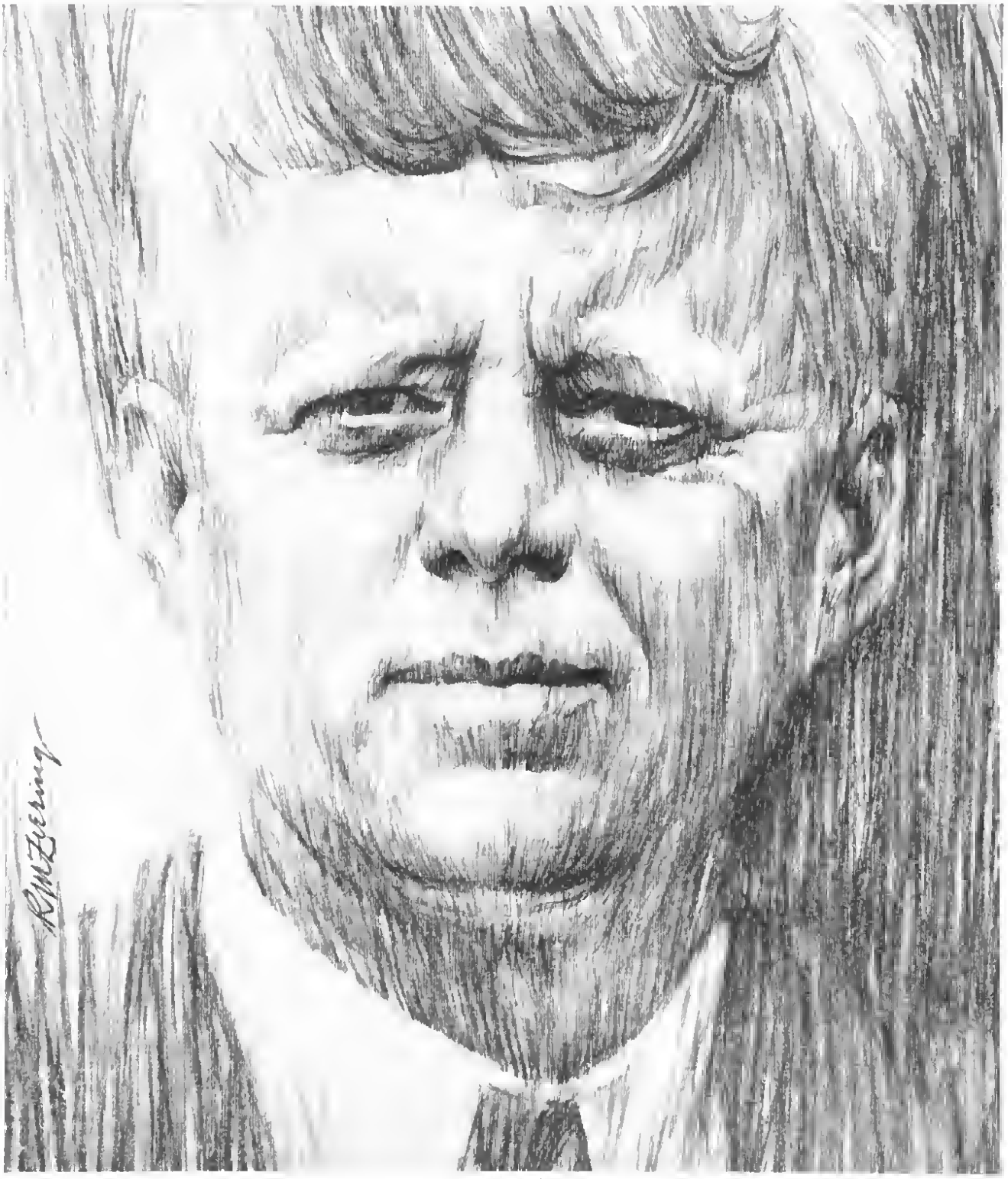
? *For 17 years the cup was forgotten, until Britain's James Ashbury offered to race his schooner,* Cambria, *against the best U.S. schooner and suggested the cup as a trophy. He lost the race in 1870 and lost again in 1871 with a new boat. How many challenges for the cup have there been, and has anyone else had more than one try at it?*

• There have been 18 challenges. Three men have returned for another try. The Earl of Dunraven, who challenged in 1893 and 1895, with *Valkyrie II* and *III*; Sir Thomas Lipton, who challenged five times between 1899 and 1930 with his five *Shamrocks*; and T.O.M. Sopwith, who challenged in 1934 and 1937 with *Endeavour* and *Endeavour II*.

? *Since 1893 the expense of building and campaigning a cup boat has required the pooled resources of a syndicate of men. Only one boat has been owned by an individual. Which one?*

• *Ranger* in 1937. Owned by Mike Vanderhilt, and designed by Starling Burgess, Ranger used winches from *Reliance* of 1903, gear from *Rainbow* of 1934, and sails from *Enterprise* of 1920—all of which had been owned by a Vanderbilt syndicate. *Ranger* cost some $500,000 to build, and soon after the races she was sold for $10,000—for junk.

continued



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? *Only one yacht has ever defended the cup twice. Which was it?*

• Nathaniel Herreshoff's *Columbia*. New in 1899, she defeated his 1895 *Defender* in the trials. In 1901 she also defeated a new Herreshoff design for the right to defend the cup. In 1903 she lost out to *Reliance*, another new Herreshoff boat and the largest single-masted vessel ever built.

? *Of the 54 races sailed to defend the cup, how many has the U.S. lost?*

• Only five.

? *How many countries have challenged for the cup?*

• Actually the challenge comes from a yacht club. To date only five countries have been represented: England eight times, Ireland five times, Scotland and Canada twice and Australia once.

? *The rule requiring a challenger to sail to the U.S. "on her own bottom" was recently changed. What was the first boat to be shipped over as cargo, and why?*

• *Sceptre*, in 1958. The expense of building large boats had made it necessary to compete in the smaller 12-meter class, and the rule was waived to eliminate undue risk and time.

? *The skipper is as important as the hull or the sails. What helmsman had the longest association with the cup?*

• Captain Hank Haff, who, between 1886 and 1901, took three defenders to victory and also served on two contenders. His son Harry served on *Vanitie* in the trials for the 1920 race. Captain Charles Barr, who started as helmsman on the 1895 trial horse, *Vigilant*, also had three winners, twice as skipper of *Columbia* and another time on *Reliance* in 1903.

? *What firm (of sailmakers) has been connected with the cup since its beginning?*

• Ratsey & Lapthorn. In 1851 a Ratsey supplied a flying-jib boom to *America*, Ratseys designed and built the first two challengers, and in 1958 Ratsey descendants—both named Colin—served on both the challenger and the defender. In between, the firm designed and cut sails for syndicates on both sides of the Atlantic.

—MARY JANE HODGES

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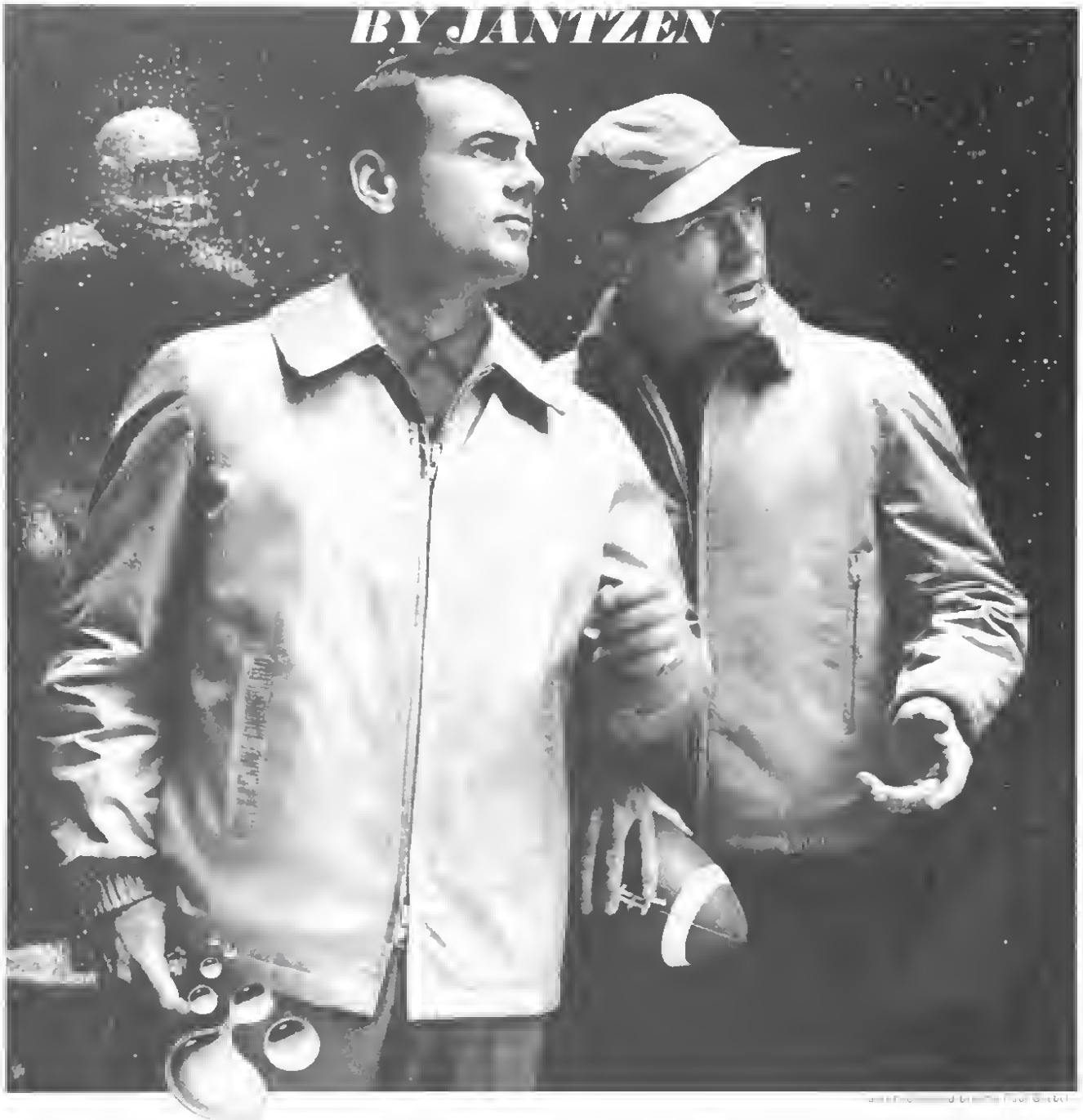

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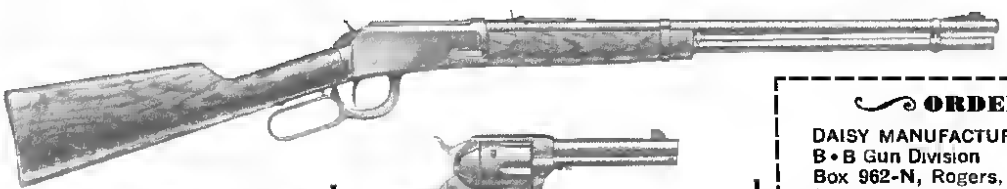

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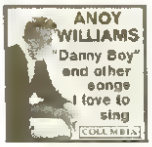

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1A5 Best performance of this we ever heard' — Newsweek

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dd The HuckleAuck Wild One etc (Not available in stereo)

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145 The best selling Original Cast recording of all time

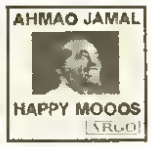
60 Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages 12 in all

33 Also Around the World Guns of Navarone, Marie etc

181 Superb performance of this enchanting ballet score

84 Namely You, Put On a Happy Face, A Lot of Livin', etc

46 Without A Song This Heart of Mine, twelve hits in all



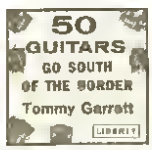
A6 I'll Never Stop Loving You For All We Know, 8 more

81 Lida Rose, If I Were a Bell Hunnin' Wild, A more

15 Also Hawkline, Wanted Man The 3 10 to Yuma, etc

12A A performance of manly eloquence" —New York Times

43 Just Because I Walk the Line Jealous Heart 9 more



123 You Belong to My Heart, Perfidia, Besame Mucho etc

133 My Funny Valentine, Just in Time, plus 8 more hits

1A1 "Exciting ... compelling" — New York Herald Tribune

19 Also Streets of Laredo Wide Cowboy Hide, El Paso etc

36 Also Stella By Starlight How High the Moon, etc

1A7 Mr. Drailowsky is 'a poet of the piano' —N Y Times

79 Also Moonlight in Vermont, Whatever Lola Wants etc.

17 Cathy's Clown A Change of Heart Love Hurts, Lucille, etc

31 Also So Close Hurtin Inside, So Many Ways, etc

38 Be My Love Unchained Melody, Volare 12 in all

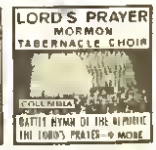
184 "Very highly recommended" — Amer Record Guide

157 Full of nostalgic memories Not available in stereo

71 Also The McCoy, Morgen My Own True Love, Homa, etc.

19A Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

94 Also Am I Blue, Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, etc.

28 "Lighthearted, winninginformality —HiFi Stereo Review

189 Also Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, Atc.

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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1 Also Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch etc

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174 "Extraordinarily beautiful, brilliant, silvery"—N.Y. Times

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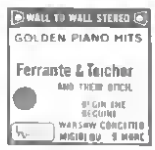
198 "Performance Superb . . . Recording Excellent"—HiFi Rev

95 Odds Against Tomorrow, Skating In Central Park, etc

55 I'll Find You, You Stepped Out of a Dream, 10 more

177 "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming"—HiFi Rev

87 Romance Theme from The Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more

48 Also Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, Til etc

229 Also Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, Carmen McRae etc

115 Also Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile etc

175 "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded"—High Fid

104 Also The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Honky Tonk etc

119 King Kamehameha Blue Hawaii, Across the Sea, 9 more

186 Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works

22 Also One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone etc

50 Solitude, Prelude, It Don't Mean a Thing, 9 more

Freshness . . . High Fidelity

"While you're away...call me every night"

Telephone and let her know you miss her. Find out about her day . . . talk about your trip . . . tell her when you'll be home. A telephone call is so warm and reassuring and enjoyable, at both ends of the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

SCORECARD

DELAYED REACTION

At about 4 p.m. on Labor Day Junior Johnson of Ronda, N.C. was declared winner of the Southern 500 stock car race at the Darlington International Raceway in Darlington, S.C. He received the adulation of 70,000 spectators, the attention of the press, and the spurious kisses of two beautiful models, kept on hand for just such winner-smooching.

Six and a half hours later a recheck of scoring cards showed that Larry Frank of Greenville, S.C. had been deprived of one lap in the scoring and was the actual winner. Meantime the crowd had departed for home filled with happy talk of Johnson and morning newspapers had gone to press reporting a Johnson victory.

It was no isolated snafu in stock car racing. Glenn Wood has twice taken the checkered flag at Martinsville, Va., and still has to be credited with an official victory. Rex White was flagged the winner in the 1960 Southern 500 at Darlington, but the official decision went later to Buck Baker. David Pearson was thought to be the winner of the rain-shortened Atlanta 500 last June. His actual place was seventh. And so on.

Such judging delays used to be even more common when car inspection, to check on rule violations, was conducted after the races. Now the cars are inspected and sealed before the races. But even so, scoring the races, in which 30 or 40 cars may be entered, with laps of each to be counted and clocked, and pit stops noted, remains a most complex business.

We feel that a country that could develop the automatic pinsetter for bowling ought to be able to come up with a quick, reliable scoring system for stock car racing. As a matter of fact, bowling has just now developed a transistorized computer that automatically records individual or team scores, gives each player a printed record and projects the scoring on an overhead screen. It is called Score-O-Matic and is a product of the Brite-Lite Corporation of America. We congratulate the inventors and suggest they next shine their light on the problems of stock car racing.

MEET THE AUTHOR

Cynics who question whether famous athletes read—let alone write—the stories under their bylines, should know the facts about the story by Floyd Patterson on page 18. The heavyweight champion delivered the words in tape-recorded interviews with his biographer, Milton Gross of the *New York Post*. Gross transferred the words to a typewriter, organized them, and delivered the manuscript to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The editors made some revisions in the text, which was then rechecked with Patterson—in a curious way. To avoid distractions Floyd does not have a telephone at his training camp. Once a day he calls New York from a pay telephone booth and transacts business with his lawyer. On one of these calls the revised text was read to Patterson and he suggested many changes. (Floyd currently is a serious language and grammar student, with a creditable preference for "thats" over "whiches," and an appreciation of the maligned comma.) The result is Floyd Patterson's forecast of the fight in Floyd Patterson's words—and punctuation.

NOTE FROM THE ORIENT

To Americans who plan to attend the 1964 Olympics, we commend the following program note from a Japanese postcard, recently received and purporting to illuminate for Western visitors the inner essence of sumo, as we spell it, or sumoh, as the Japanese seem to spell it. It reads:

SUMOH: TRADITIONAL SPORT IN JAPAN SUMOH is a match of strength in Japan. Two naked athletes empty-handed with only MAWASHI on game in a circle of 15 ft. diameter called DOHYO-BA and the fight finishes by throwing down a rival on the place or putting out from. The other nations had a same kind of games, but SUMOH in JAPAN has developed like now from the keynote of the sitting life of Japanese, and the athletes with peculiar strong legs and the lions of sitting race have brought forth several techniques and refined them. Consequently the sport called SUMOH, had been loved with public like now, is accomplished.

Any questions?

TALE OF TWO TUBS

Had he gone to Moscow to visit with Premier Khrushchev in 1960, President Eisenhower would have presented Khrushchev with a new jet-propelled boat, complete with a plaque inscribed "To Nikita Khrushchev from Dwight D. Eisenhower." The boat got to Moscow all right but, because of the U-2 incident, the President did not. Nikita blew his top, and the Russians wouldn't even let U.S. embassy personnel use the boat for their own pleasure. It was shipped back to its Indianapolis manufacturer.

At about that time Emperor Haile Selassie gave permission for establishment of missions in Ethiopia's remote interior, in a region that can be reached only by boat, 800 miles up the Gila River where, in the dry season, the river is only

inches deep and a very shallow-draft vessel is needed. To the Rev. R. Byron Crozier, a former Marine paratrooper now in the Presbyterian ministry at West Allis, Wis., there was a simple solution. His congregation raised the $5,000 necessary to buy the boat that once was intended for Khrushchev's pleasure. It is now at work in the Ethiopian missions.

This was not the Rev. Crozier's first experience with problems involving presidents and boats. Serving as pharmacist's mate with a Marine battalion on Choi-

continued

THERE'S MORE FOR ALL THIS FALL in the Islands of HAWAII

It's our happiest hundred days of the year! Come and share them — the weather is wonderful and the welcome is warm on all our islands.

OCTOBER — Join us in our celebration of Aloha Week, Oct. 19-27. Nine dazzling days of hulas, songs, flowers, parades, and pageantry — and the Aloha spirit.

NOVEMBER — More fun follows in the gay new Festival of the Pacific, Nov. 10-17, a spectacular week-long array of entertainment from many Pacific lands.

DECEMBER — We greet newlyweds, Dec. 1-15, with a special welcome. If you're not a newlywed come and have a second honeymoon. And stay for the holidays.

ANYTIME THIS FALL you can bring in a prize catch in our big 100-day Fishing Derby for visitors. It runs to Dec. 15.

Hawaii this Fall is only a wish away—just 4½ quick hours by jet or 4½ smooth days by liner from the Pacific Coast. Visit all our Islands; Kauai, Maui and Hawaii are mere minutes from Honolulu. Wide choice of accommodations everywhere you visit. Come enjoy the fun and festivity of Fall in Hawaii.

See Your Travel Agent or Write

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. F-5, Honolulu, Hawaii
Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

seul in the Solomon Islands, he and two other men went out on a landing craft to rescue a company that had been cut off. They picked up the lost men, but a coral reef ripped open the bottom of their landing craft. A PT boat came alongside and took the rescuers aboard.

The PT skipper: John F. Kennedy.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Despite Big Four edicts, and excitement following last year's basketball scandals in North Carolina colleges and the resultant regulations limiting teams to 16 games, the heat is off. North Carolina State has scheduled 19 games for the 1962-63 season and the banned "Dixie Classic" is expected to return within another season.

• The Montreal Alouettes signed Sandy Stephens by promising him he could play quarterback, then were disappointed in his passing. But, since he is a good runner, the Alouettes kept their word by putting both Stephens and Sam Francis under center, then ordering Stephens to step back a few feet halfway through the cadence count, which makes him a fullback.

• Latest cuts and trades leave the Minnesota Vikings with only seven of the 36 players they originally acquired by draft from other NFL clubs for the 1961 season. For these 36, supposed to form the hard core of the club, the Vikings paid $600,000.

• A long term on NCAA probation did not put much of a crimp in Auburn's football finances. A new $600,000 dormitory for athletes has just been completed.

STADIUM HINT

Advice to football fans from a noted Georgia physician who specializes in athletic injuries and has done extensive research on team conditioning:

When fresh troops are called in to halt the advance of an offensive team, expect no miracle on the first play. "You will find, under normal circumstances," says Dr. Jack C. Hughston, "that a fresh group of reinforcements isn't quite alert to combat. It will take a play for them to get their adrenalin up to cope with their opponents."

THEY SAID IT

• Australia's Percival Galea, a big bettor, after dropping $75,300 on the horses: "They are only getting some of their own money back. I've won about $450,000 recently."

• Golfer Don January, on the greens at the Dallas Open: "I didn't see any buffaloes out there—but I putted over a couple of their tracks."

• Johnny Sauer, Minnesota Vikings' spy, after watching mighty Green Bay: "How do you scout blocking and tackling?"

• Terry Downes, British boxer and hero-worshiper of Sugar Ray Robinson, whom he fights in London on Sept. 25: "Gee, I wish I could see you train."

• The Houston Colts' Johnny Temple, on why short men often make the best managers: "I had to hit-and-run, bunt, steal and all the other things a big man never had to bother with. That's why, I think, you'll find so many little men make good managers. They had to think to stay in the big leagues."

CALL FOR A CLINIC

Death is a concomitant of almost all sports, some more than others, but it occurs with special poignancy when, by foresight, it could have been detained. Now, after the death of Mike Kelsey, 20-year-old Southern Methodist football player, presumably due to heat exhaustion, and the prostration of nine players at other Texas colleges, coaches of the Southwest Conference have taken precautions that might be followed usefully in some form or other throughout the country, on high school fields as well as in college sport, in tennis as well as in football.

The day after Kelsey's funeral the SMU squad returned to practice. Some changes were made. Coach Hayden Fry cut down on drill time, ordered two rest periods per practice and tripled the amount of salt solution rationed to each player. At each of the two rest periods players now drink a cup of an iced, lime-flavored drink containing sodium chloride, calcium and other salts found in the human body.

At the University of Texas, Coach Darrell Royal gives squad members a water-and-salt break every 30 minutes instead of just one halfway through each two-hour session. Football players at Rice and Texas Tech now go swimming for a brief period after each practice.

What bothers us is that the techniques are so different, suggesting that there is a need for unanimity about how to protect athletes—the strongest men to be found in our population—against heat debilitation. Not negligence,

continued

Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

Loch Lomond, Scotland's celebrated lake of ballad and verse, imparts something very special to Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. It lends some of its serenity and sunny-lightness to the spirit. Realistically, Loch Lomond's azure waters are perfect for making Scotch. For good Scotch requires a water of uncommon gentleness. And the Loch's water is measured at only 3 to 5 degrees of hardness (London's water measures up to 300 degrees). Another important consideration: Ballantine's contains a delicate harmony of 42 Scotch Whiskies, each contributing its particular flavor to this Scotch's pleasing personality.

The final result is Scotch never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be. Good-natured, full of proud heritage, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: ***the more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

How Sears developed a better shotgun— thanks to Ted Williams

Ted Williams, new sporting goods consultant for Sears, Roebuck and Co., field-tested a new model 20-gauge shotgun. Here's what he said about it: "This gun is a real beauty. Perfect weight and balance. But let's face it—the gun needs more punch." Read what happened next.

"When I'm in a duck blind or in the field, I want a shotgun that can bring down game—and keep it down!

"This shotgun is nice and light. Feels great. But for big ducks or pheasants, it needs more firepower. Chamber it to take bigger shells and you'll have a 20-gauge shotgun with the killing power of a 12-gauge."

Ted's advice made sense. Engineers redesigned the chamber to fire both the standard 2¾-inch shells and the heavier 3-inch magnums. With this added firepower, it's ideal for shotgun hunting, and for trap and skeet.

Ted Williams is a perfectionist. His name on a piece of Sears merchandise means it's the best value you can get for your money.

A free color film, "Duck Hunting with Ted Williams," is available to organizations. Order from Modern Talking Picture Service, 3 F. 54 Street, New York 22.

1. Full-length ventilated rib gives straight sighting plane.
2. 6-position choke control lets you dial pattern you want in seconds.
3. Burnished breech bolt and etched scrollwork give custom look.
4. Stock and fore-end of American walnut.
5. Rubber pad absorbs recoil.
6. Stock has full pistol grip with cap, fluted comb, inlaid nameplate. Diamond design checkering gives slip-free grip, adds to beauty.
7. Cross-bolt safety on trigger guard.
8. Weighs about 6¼ pounds. Steel-frame construction. 27-inch barrel. 46½-inch overall. 5-shot, 4 in tube, 1 in chamber. Plug for 3-shot limit.
9. Extra middle bead sights for split-second aiming.
10. Also available in .410 gauge without adjustable choke—$87.50

This Ted Williams shotgun is available only at Sears. We do not know of any gun with these features at anywhere near our price of **$94.50.**

but simple failure to understand the body's needs under conditions of heat and high humidity seems to have been responsible for the rash of prostrations. On the day of Kelsey's death the temperature was a mere 77°, but the humidity was 80%. Under such conditions the cooling effect of evaporation resulting from perspiration is negligible—but no one looking at a thermometer would have cause for concern.

With such an example before the sports world, negligence now must be suspected if more deaths occur. It would seem to be the obligation of every athletics director, coach and faculty administrator to get the best possible medical advice on the subject. We suggest that a clinic of coaches and medical specialists be convened now to seek an answer.

BORN LOSER

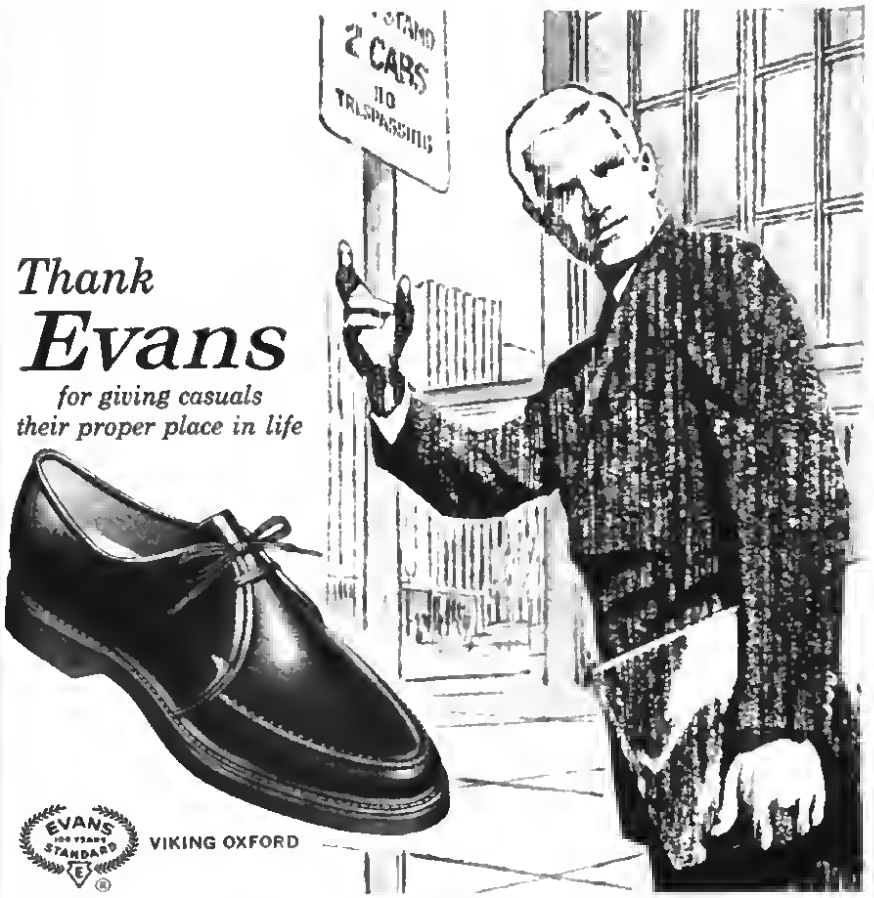
Professional golf's leading money loser for 1962 is a cheery little pro from London, one Mike Wolveridge, who has just completed the PGA tour in the U.S. and is now gone to try his luck in Australia and Japan. Almost everyone on a PGA tour makes a little something, but Mike astonished the bookkeepers by playing in 31 tournaments without winning a cent. A California sponsor made it possible.

Mike's last stop in this country was the Dallas Open and, appropriately, he not only didn't win anything, he lost a check for $200 when a photographer asked him to pose displaying empty pockets. The check blew away, and Mike didn't find it until he had finished his round, a crisp 79.

Mike entered the PGA tour more to learn than to win, he explained. The idea was to find out if a man his size (5 feet 4, 130 pounds) can be a top golfer, and to this end he has worked with Paul Runyan, who is also small.

"I've done the usual things, swinging a weighted baseball bat, isometric contractions and all that," he said. "It helped me gain distance. I'm learning a great deal. There's a lot to learn about golf in America because these chaps strike the ball so much better than anyone else."

He also discovered that there's a lot to learn about driving an automobile in America. He collected three speeding tickets and was out of pocket $900 after an accident caused by driving on the wrong (British) side of the road. **END**



At a recent tournament, a player's chip shot lodged in the pocket of a spectator's Society Brand sport coat.

A new ball was dropped, although the lie was deemed superb.

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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 17, 1962

Photographs by Steve Schapiro

WITH A BIT OF FEAR

A fighter should be afraid—afraid of losing—says the heavyweight champion. Fear keeps him alert, ready to take quick advantage of his opportunities. In this exclusive article on the eve of his fight with Liston, Floyd Patterson admits to that kind of fear. He tells why he agrees with Sonny there will be a knockout and why he is confident he will be the one still standing

by FLOYD PATTERSON
with MILTON GROSS

CONTINUED

'I'LL PROVE THE EXPERTS WRONG AGAIN'

A few weeks ago when I started to train intensively for the September 25 defense of my world heavyweight title against Sonny Liston, I hired Young Jack Johnson as one of my sparring partners. He had been a sparring partner for Liston for about a year and a half and so he knew something about Sonny's style. Johnson weighs 230 pounds and that gave me the opportunity to box against a big man like Liston, who'll come in against me at Comiskey Park, Chicago at about 212 to 215.

After a few days Johnson suggested that I ought to be doing some exercises to strengthen my neck. He demonstrated the exercise he had in mind. You get on your back and then make a kind of bridge of your body so that your feet and head on the mat support your body, with most of your weight pushed toward your head. Then you start swiveling your head. It's supposed to strengthen your neck muscles.

I never asked Johnson if he thougbt I couldn't take Liston's punch. I just had to assume that because Sonny is supposed to have knockout power and because other fighters have knocked me down and one knocked me out, Johnson figured I'd better strengthen my neck to offset what a lot of people seem to think is my weak chin.

The odds have been against me since this fight was signed, and from what I've read in the press a lot of the reporters believe Sonny will be too much for me. Liston himself has been making a lot of statements about how this fight won't go five rounds and when he hits me I'll stay down. Good. That's the way a challenger should feel when he's trying to win the title. But talking a fight and fighting one are two different things. A fighter should have a little bit of doubt in him. I've wondered more tban once during these past few weeks whether Sonny is popping off in order to scare me—or to reassure himself.

I am the champion. I don't hold that lightly, just as I don't hold any opponent lightly any more after what happened to me in the first of my three fights with Ingemar Johansson, when he knocked me down seven times and won my title because I didn't give him enough respect. If a champion doesn't respect a challenger, just think how much worse it can be if the challenger holds the champion in contempt.

This isn't meant as advice to Sonny—what he should say, how he should think or how he should fight—but a champion should be respected. If a man does so much talking outside the ring, he may not do so much fighting in it. I intend to fight tbe kind of fight that will make Sonny respect me when it's just the two of us and the referee under those lights.

This fight should end in a knockout. I've never predicted how a fight I'm going into will come out. I don't intend to start now, but I hope to be the winner. I know Liston can hit hard. However, I not only believe I can take Liston's punch, if he lands it, but I think I can hit harder than he can. He will have to prove to me that I'm wrong and that's the real significance of this eighth defense of my title, as I see it. The bull—Liston—does not have to destroy the china shop or shatter the "china chin."

I'll come in at about 192 and be a lot lighter than Liston. Presumably be's stronger as well as bigger and a lot of people think he's tougher, but I hope to be faster and a better boxer. That doesn't mean much in the minds of those who have never thought much of me as a champion, but in my own mind I'm determined to prove how wrong the so-called experts can be again.

They said I'd be glove-shy when I fougbt Johansson the second time, after he kayoed me. That was the most important bout of my career because I had to score a victory over myself then before I could score one over Ingemar and the press. If I should happen to be successful against Liston, will the recognition I never received before come to me at last? I doubt it. I still probably won't be recognized as a great champion or even an outstandingly good one. The reporters will find some reason to diminish the value of the victory. Believe it or not, I won't mind. I'm convinced that I will never be recognized without qualification. I'm satisfied with the recognition I have now. I was the youngest ever to win the title and the only man ever to regain it. If I win this time I will prove to myself that I'm a better champion than even *I* gave myself credit for being. That's the important thing.

Aside from that inner satisfaction I would get, I will be building more security for my family. Boxing is a sport, but it is also a business and this fight will be the most profitable one in my career. Last year, for example, when I knocked out Ingemar in Miami Beach in March in our third fight and kayoed Tom McNeeley in Toronto in December, I made $1,052,000. I will make more money from fighting Liston than in the two other bouts.

Graff, Reiner and Smith of Los Angeles, the company that purchased the closed-circuit TV rights, has guaranteed me $2 million. In addition, Championship Sports, Inc., the promoter, expects a

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$1 million gate. The money I will receive from TV will be deferred compensation. For the first year I will get $300,000. For the next 17 years I'm to receive 55% of $100,000 a year as gross income. If the press doesn't exactly cheer me, you can see it shouldn't bother me too much.

Besides, I don't know how much longer I will be fighting if I get by Liston. My eldest child, Jeannie, is almost 6 years old and I've barely gotten to know her because I've been isolated at training camps for so long. My wife, Sandra, has been on me about retiring. I've told her I won't think about it until I've been permanently eliminated or completely lose my interest in the ring. That may be a while yet, although I don't think it will be too much longer.

If Liston should beat me, there is a return bout due. If I beat him there are other opponents. Cassius Clay could be one. He claims he can beat Liston and me on the same night. I don't think he's as good as he thinks he is. He's a good fighter. He has ability, but he needs seasoning. Eventually that will come and when it does I still hope to be better than he thinks he is. For the present I'm more concerned about Liston, who may actually be as good as he thinks he is.

And so I'm going into this fight with confidence—but with doubts. Doubts are important. They help to keep you from underestimating an opponent. If I were pressed I'd even admit to going into the fight with a little bit of fear—fear of losing. A fighter needs to be afraid. It enhances everything inside of him. The more fear, the better I am because then I'm alert. I want to take advantage of every opportunity.

This is a side of prizefighting that can be misunderstood. Mental attitude is important, almost as important as your conditioning. One punch can knock all the condition out of you. For the first Ingemar fight I boxed over 500 rounds and I don't know how many hundreds of miles I ran on the road, but one punch got me. All the road work, all the boxing, all the training and sacrifice went right down the drain because my mental attitude had been all wrong.

For Liston I will be in the best condition I've ever achieved, but my attitude will be different. I've thought of nothing else but Liston from the moment I decided to accept his challenge. I will keep that interest. Whenever he flicks, I want to move. I want to be so extremely sharp that before he even throws a punch I'll be getting out of the way of it. That's

continued

EXERCISE TO STRENGTHEN NECK MUSCLES, SUGGESTED BY LISTON'S FORMER SPARRING PARTNER, IS PART OF FLOYD'S ROUTINE

when you're really ready. I want to have a certain amount of viciousness in me. You do that by wanting to beat the odds that are quoted against you. I'm happy I'm the underdog. I enjoy hearing that I'm supposed to fold up when I get hit. That helps build viciousness. More is created by building up a feeling of anger for an opponent.

I was never as vicious as I was when I regained the championship from Ingemar. I went into the ring at the Polo Grounds that night determined to be carried out again if necessary. He had knocked me out once. I was aware it could happen again. I wasn't going to let it because I didn't like myself at all during that horrible year between our first two fights. I wouldn't want to go through that again. Regardless of whether I win or lose, I don't think I'll have to spend another year of misery, because I will know I tried.

All through that year Ingemar's attitude was a growing contempt for me. Everything he did and said showed that he didn't think I could fight. He made so much of the "toonder and lightning" in his right hand. He said I never knew what hit me and couldn't know how to keep from getting knocked out again by it. Now here is Liston, who has a chip on his shoulder. At first I disliked him intensely for it. If I am what so many people say I am, I could have avoided fighting him. Certainly there was ample reason, considering his background, the refusal of the New York State Athletic Commission to license him and the pressures that were on me to bypass him.

I am aware of the feeling of the NAACP, of which I'm a lifetime member, and of such people as Dr. Ralph Bunche of the United Nations and Jackie Robinson—that because of Liston's criminal record he should not have been given a chance to fight for the title. But so many people in the Negro community have not been given a chance to lift themselves above the surroundings into which they had been pushed. How could I refuse this chance to Liston, who paid the price the law demanded? I could have been just like him if I hadn't been given a chance when I was younger. I was an emotional delinquent. I could have become worse if I had been sent to prison instead of to Wiltwyck School, where the chip was taken off my shoulder by understanding treatment and consideration.

It's possible that if Liston beats me, he could bring discredit to the Negroes' position, but if that happened it would only be because people still kept him in that dirty light. I think a championship brings out the best in a man. It could bring it out in Liston.

Let me show you what I mean by an example. For a long time Liston really believed I was afraid to fight him and would never give him the match. One afternoon he rode in a car with Tom Bolan of Championship Sports and Milton Gross, the co-author of my autobiography, *Victory Over Myself*. The car was being driven by Sheldon Hicks, my wife's brother, but Liston didn't know who Sheldon was.

Gross told Sonny that I wanted to fight him and beat him more than he wanted the opportunity to fight me. Liston doubted it. Gross said to Sonny:

"Do you know who that is driving this car? It's Patterson's brother-in-law. I'll prove to you how certain I am that Floyd will fight you next. In front of Patterson's brother-in-law and speaking loud enough that he'll hear what I'm saying and tell it to Floyd, I'll bet you $1,000 here and now that Patterson will fight you before he fights anybody else."

"Maybe," Sonny said, "if I slap the driver around a few times I get the fight. Maybe that's a better way."

"What do you mean?" Gross said, not understanding.

"I mean if I hit Patterson's brother-in-law, maybe Patterson get mad enough to stop being afraid and give me the chance to hit *him*."

Naturally enough, the story got back to me. Understandably, I was furious. "What's he have to hit Sheldon for?" I said. "Let him come and hit me. I'm not running. I'm right here where he can find me."

AT TRAINING CAMP PATTERSON HAS RELAXED CHAT WITH A VISITOR FROM NEARBY

Eventually the fight was made. When we went to Chicago to sign the contracts, I was still boiling at him. The newspapermen asked Liston questions and it looked as if the chip still was on his shoulder. He answered the writers in his usual way, in a joking manner, and the joke was on me.

When it came time to go I got up to leave. Liston followed me. He put his arm on me and stopped me. For the first time I saw the sneer off his face and a sort of gleaming smile in his eyes. He said, "Thanks for all the things you've said in my behalf and for giving me the chance."

I never expected to hear that from Liston. It has no bearing on the fight. He's going to try to knock my head off and I'm going to try to do the same to him. It should be one of the toughest fights, if not the toughest, I've ever had.

I saw Sonny fight twice, against Cleveland Williams, and against Mike DeJohn. Both were on TV. I know he hits hard. I know he's strong and has a good jab. I know that Johansson saw movies of Liston fighting in the Golden Gloves and against Eddie Machen and Willi Besmanoff and told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that Liston is too slow to beat me. I hope Ingemar is right.

Liston is big and big men usually are slower, but you can hit a man 50 times and he can hit you once and make up for all the 50 times you hit him. He may be slower than Johansson was and possibly slower than Archie Moore when I knocked him out for the title, but he is not as slow as Ingemar said. I'll know for sure after September 25.

A lot of people say that the difference in speed is the only advantage I'll have. How, then, do I fight an opponent who is bigger and stronger, but not as fast as I? Actually, I don't have any set plan. You never do before a fight. You go into the fight and let the fight dictate your strategy. I have a few things in mind, of course, and if it becomes necessary I will use them.

Theoretically, however, against a bigger, slower man, you use your speed—your hand speed and speed afoot. That's your best weapon. You don't match your strength with his. He'll want to lay in close and rest his weight on you. You try to stay away so he doesn't lean all that weight on you. You make him carry it around and eventually his own weight begins to tell. He gets tired.

We'll have to wait and see if theory matches practice. From everything I've read that Liston's said, I've got to be prepared for him coming out and trying to bully me, to take the play away from me right off. He'll try to get it over by bombing me in the first round. Do I retreat or stand and face him? I might

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ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL (LEFT), THEN VIVIDLY DISPLAYS HIS DETERMINED OUTLOOK ON FIGHT DURING WALK AFTER WORKOUT

A MILLER-HILLER-HALLER-HOLLER-LUJAH TWIST

The Giants went to Los Angeles to face up to duck calls, musical ridicule and their own long history of choking. Result: a knotted pennant race

by ***TOM C. BRODY***

Experiment T-Pass 532 sounded like something out of a football huddle. But what it really amounted to was merely Telstar bouncing the image of Los Angeles Dodger Manager Walter Alston off the satellite several thousand miles up and back to earth—hopefully in West Germany. The object, aside from some scientific strutting, was to give American servicemen a glimpse of the National League-leading manager and his counterpart in the American League.

All of which was perfectly fine with Alvin Dark, the quiet bayou magician who runs the San Francisco Giants when he is not trolling for salmon along Candlestick Park's third-base line. "But if they're going to talk about the World Series," silent Alvin observed, "they may have picked the wrong man." Dark could be dead right. American servicemen may have had a Telstar look at also-rans. San Francisco's Giants, whose medical chart shows a long history of inflammation of the Adam's apple at critical times, have a genuine crack at the pennant, and all because they went into the year's most important baseball series last week and, for a change, didn't choke up.

There was nothing in the Giants' 1962 record to indicate any difference between this team and its butterfly-stomached predecessors. The early surge that carried the team into first place was taken with indifference in San Francisco, where such early foot is an annual and meaningless matter. Equally expected were the happenings of July, when the Giants dropped into second place. And their inability to capitalize on the losing ways of the front-running Los Angeles Dodgers last month was just about par. Everything was on schedule: the Giants now would go to Los Angeles for a four-game series and get clobbered.

The Giants had to face not only the Dodgers but the Dodger fans, who came armed with duck calls, duck feathers and ducks, the object being to lampoon the Giants for having watered their own base paths a month before in order to slow down the nonamphibious speed demons from Los Angeles. When last week's series opened there was a watering pail, shocking pink in color, on the steps of the Giant dugout. It bore the legend:

ED BAILEY'S
CHAVEZ RAVINE
1ST BASE
WATERING CAN

As if this were not ridicule enow, the Dodger fans had a new fight song, written by Sylvia Fine and Herbert Baker and recorded by Danny Kaye, and its gentle strains ran through the stands from time to time. Based on the fortuitous assonances in the names of various Giants, the song ends with the musical Giants handling a bunt:

Cepeda runs to field the ball
So does Hiller—so does Miller
Miller hollers "Hiller!" Hiller hollers "Miller!"
Haller hollers "Hiller," points to Miller with his fist
And that's the Miller-Hiller-Haller-Holler-lujah twist!

Supported by this song and by several thousand duck calls, one live duck and one live chicken thrown out on the field at opportune moments, the Dodgers lost the ball game, and the lights began to go out all over Los Angeles.

It was pitching that did the Dodgers in. The Dodger staff is like a precision-built instrument; properly tuned, it works to perfection. But where the Dodger pitching is long on quality, it is desperately short on reserves. The Dodgers lost Sandy Koufax in the middle of July when the left-hander was having what amounted to the most brilliant season any pitcher has had in a decade —and the loss meant Manager Walter Alston could call on only eight men to face the opposition. Granted, the Dodgers held other aces. Don Drysdale was winning more than any other pitcher in baseball. Stan Williams and Johnny Podres were tried and proved and finally were living up to their capabilities. The relief corps, captained this year by Ron Perranoski and backed by Larry Sherry and Ed Roebuck, was the best in the league. And the Dodgers still had the league's best hitter (Tommy Davis), fastest runner (Willie Davis) and tallest outfielder (Frank Howard).

But as Los Angeles Radio Announcer Vin Scully pointed out then, "The loss of Koufax throws a terrible burden on the others. It may take time, but the strain just has to tell." As Scully figured, Koufax' damaged finger turned the race into a three-team affair. Not only were the Giants closing in, but the defending champion Cincinnati Reds, dead and buried since spring, were coming on as if they hadn't read their obituary.

It was Willie Mays and Pitcher Jack Sanford who wrecked the Dodgers in the first game. Mays, demoted to the fifth spot in the batting order, was undisturbed. "You don't have to worry

about Ol' Willie," Dark said before the game. "You can play him anywhere and he's all for it." Willie was certainly all for Dodger Pitcher Stan Williams' curve ball in the third inning. He hit it into the bleacher seats in left field to score two runners ahead of him, and that was that. The Giants kept on making runs, and Sanford was superb in winning his 20th game of the year. Not only did the Giants bit the ball harder, and score more often than the Dodgers, they had the best duck callers. Quacking expertly in the Giant dressing room after the game were Pitcher Billy O'Dell and Catcher Ed Bailey—both serious off-season hunters.

One game does not win a series, but the Dodgers suddenly were in serious trouble. Manager Walt Alston had no choice but to call on Rookie Pete Richert, back from the minors after his recovery from a damaged arm. His job, according to Alston, was to go as far as he could in the second game in hopes that it would be late in the game when he faltered. Then one of tbe Dodger relief pitchers could take over.

"The thing to do," said Giant Pitcher Billy Pierce, "is win the first three games, then take our chances on the last one." It was Pierce whom Manager Dark called on to win the second game. With his pitching opponent the young Richert, and Ron Perranoski alone in the injury-riddled Dodger bullpen, the Giants' prospects were excellent. But Pierce, who usually pitches with four days of rest, started this time with only three. He shouldn't have. This was one game when the Dodger sprinters came alive.

In the first inning Willie Davis, deeply embarrassed by his failure to score a runner from third with a squeeze, was on first base when Tommy Davis singled. It was quite obvious that Willie had no intention of taking the customary two bases on the hit and run. He wanted it all. What Willie Davis didn't realize was that this is not ordinarily done in the big leagues, especially with a player like Willie Mays fielding the ball in center field. What other people didn't realize was that

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DODGER BAT BOY rescues an innocent duck released on the field to embarrass the Giants.

A SLUGGER WINS THE WORLD SERIES

The three best golfers of this era met at Akron's Firestone Country Club last weekend for a 36-hole showdown match. The event was a television extravaganza with a huge purse—$50,000 to the winner—at stake. Competing were Masters and British Open Champion Arnold Palmer, U.S. Open Champion Jack Nicklaus and PGA Champion Gary Player. Here they tell a Sports Illustrated reporting team (Alfred Wright, Gwilym Brown and Kaye Kessler) their problems, decisions and actions during a unique encounter that ended with Nicklaus proving once again that he is a rightful challenger to the great Palmer

THE PROLOGUE

PLAYER: I feel fine. I'm very satisfied with my game. But this is the kind of course you can shoot a 76 on one day and a 66 the next. Jack did that the last two days. So you need a lot of luck out here. Now you might think this is nonsense, but I'd rather win this and get $10,000 than lose it and get $50,000. I can't think of a tougher match than playing Arnold and Jack.

NICKLAUS: I'm not happy. I'm not driving well. I'm trying to work up a gentle hook. You need it for the 2nd, 4th and 6th holes on this course. But I can't seem to get it. I don't intend to be thinking about that $50,000 until the last few holes Sunday. All I'm thinking now is that I've got just two guys to beat. It's like match play. You can watch what your opponents are doing. That's an advantage. But they can watch you, too.

PALMER: I just don't know what's happened to my driving. The timing is off. I've been playing a lot of TV exhibitions, so I've had plenty of practice. I don't understand what the trouble is. The course is fine, except for the 3rd and the 16th. They call the 16th [625-yard par 5] The Monster. But it isn't a very good hole. You can't use any imagination on it. Unless you hit your second wood shot way to the left and away from the water you have no chance for a birdie. That's what I'll do. This whole event is more like a playoff than a tournament. There's no room for a bad round, or even a few bad holes. If you get behind there is so little time to catch up. You can't start easily. You've got to start off with a bang.

AFTER NINE HOLES

Palmer	31	(4 under)
Nicklaus	33	(2 under)
Player	35	(even par)

NICKLAUS: I was determined I was going to start well. I suddenly realized on the first tee that my back was hurting. That's good. When I'm swinging through the ball strongly my back hurts. It hasn't hurt for a long time.

PLAYER: Arnold's second shot on the first hole was bad. It would have gone well over the green, but it hit a man right in the stomach. The man comes up to me afterwards and tells me. That stopped the ball, and Arnold chipped it in for a birdie. I think "Gee whiz, there is a break that may very well have saved him two strokes. It will really charge him up." And Arnold takes advantage of breaks, that's why he's great. [Palmer went on to birdie the next two holes.]

NICKLAUS: When Arnie chipped in I thought, "Well, I've just got to make my birdie putt." It was 15 feet and I sank it. On the 3rd hole my tee shot is off to the right, toward a bunch of trees. As I walk up I am hoping I can hit over a tree in front of me. I try the shot with a wedge. I hit a heck of a wedge: 130 yards. I get another birdie. Two under par after three holes and yet I'm a stroke behind. Am I worried? No. If I stay one stroke behind I won't worry until I'm on the 36th tee tomorrow.

PALMER: Three straight birdies. I could end up with a pretty good round if I don't have any horrible mishaps, like what almost happened on the 4th. I hit a very bad drive there. The ball ended up on the bank of a gully. I couldn't get a level stance. I finally took a three-wood, because nothing else would have reached the green. I tried a few practice swings to see if I was going to

THE BOX SCORE OF GOLF'S $75,000 GAME

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
YARDS	400	500	450	465	230	450	225	450	465	3,635	405	365	180	460	410	230	625	390	465	7,165
PAR	4	5	4	4	3	4	3	4	4	35	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	4	70
Nicklaus	3	5	3	4	3	4	2	5	4	33	3	4	3	4	4	3	5	3	4	66
Player	4	5	4	4	3	4	3	4	4	35	4	3	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	69
Palmer	3	4	3	4	3	4	3	3	4	31	4	4	2	5	4	3	4	4	4	65
Nicklaus	5	5	4	4	3	4	3	5	4	37	3	3	3	4	4	3	5	4	3	69
Player	4	5	4	5	4	3	3	4	3	35	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	4	70
Palmer	5	6	5	4	3	4	3	5	4	39	4	4	4	4	3	3	5	4	4	74

he able to keep my balance. I told the gallery: "I have to see where I'm going to fall."

PLAYER: When Palmer took out a wood I was certainly surprised. I thought, "My gosh, that takes tremendous courage." I would have used a six-iron and just knocked the ball out into the fairway.

PALMER: The moment I hit the three-wood I knew it was going off to the left. I hit right under it. It didn't go very far. Then I hit a three-iron over some trees onto the green, and sank a 12-footer for the par.

NICKLAUS: Incredible par! Arnie had played the 4th hole like I did during our practice round yesterday. When I finally got my par yesterday he laughed and said, "Nice 6." Arnie could have had a 6 today. When he sinks the putt for his par 4, Gary says, "Nice 5." So I said, "Don't you mean nice 6?" Arnie smiled.

PALMER: On the whole, I am driving better now—not particularly well, just better.

NICKLAUS: On the 8th I made the first bogey in the threesome. My right foot slipped forward on me just as I came down into my tee shot. I ended up in the rough at the left. The grass was laying flat from left to right in the rough, and I knew it would cause my second shot to go to the right as the ball took off. But a tree prevented me from allowing for this. I figured there was nothing to do but hit it at the right side of the green, which I could just see, and hope the shot wouldn't fade. But it did, into a trap on the right. I had been there before. I thought the sand was thin in there, but it wasn't, so my explosion shot was short and I missed the putt. After nine holes I'm a little surprised my 33 didn't have me in a better position, but I figured, "What the heck, it's still a good score."

PLAYER: I thought, "I've played as well as they did, and I'm four shots back. What can you do?" It was like a shock going through me. I was just two-putting every green. I told myself, "Some days you hole putts. Some days you don't."

AFTER 18 HOLES

Palmer	**65**	**(5 under)**
Nicklaus	**66**	**(4 under)**
Player	**69**	**(1 under)**

NICKLAUS: Along about the 11th hole I begin to think that Gary is playing very, very good golf, but that he is having no luck at all. Finally he makes a putt (of 18 feet) for a birdie on 11.

PLAYER: The putt on 11 made me feel real good. I knew it was a straight-in putt when I lined it up. I hit it good and waited to hear it drop into the cup. Now I was only three strokes behind. When Arnold bogeyed the 13th I felt even better.

NICKLAUS: On the 13th tee we came on camera. They announced we were on television. I didn't even think about it. On 14 (a par 4) my drive was in a trap and my second in the rough to the left of the green. The question: How good is the lie? I knew I was going to have to hit it over the trap and stop it quickly to stay close to the pin. Good lie. Now I'm thinking about getting it as close to the hole as possible. In fact, I am sort of thinking about hitting it into the hole. I got it close, but had to putt it in.

PLAYER: On that 3-par 15th I hit a two-iron that ran right through the green and over. That's 230 yards!

continued

I could stand there all day with a bag of balls and never hit another two-iron that well.

NICKLAUS: You've got to be a little scared standing on the 16th tee. It is one of the most dangerous holes in golf. And it isn't a good hole. The fairway is in poor condition—a lot of clover and bad grass—and the green is not only hard, it slopes the wrong way. This hole sure surprised me today. I hit a big 300-yard drive and then played my second with a one-iron to be safely short of the pond on the right. So what happens? I hit that one-iron about 280 yards, 50 yards farther than I figured. Fortunately, it stayed up on the left side and just missed the water. Then I hit the only shot that really made me mad all day, a chip that went 15 feet past the cup. When I got over the putt I remember telling myself: "Don't leave this one short, you idiot." So I left it short.

PLAYER: The putt I ended up with on 18 must have been 90 feet. I said to myself, "If you can two-putt and have a 68 on a course this hard, you should be as happy as a man can be." My first putt was eight feet past. I was about to hit the second putt when I heard "thump-thump-thump." Somebody was rapping on the television tower. I stepped back and the noise stopped. Then as I started to putt again, "thump-thump-thump." I missed it.

PALMER: Only one birdie while on camera. I must be a bad TV actor. I didn't play particularly well from tee to green, but I putted well. I can't recall ever taking fewer putts on a tournament round (25), but my putter didn't feel unusually good. The 3rd, the 4th, the 8th, the 12th and the 16th were my only putts of any consequence. The others were mostly short ones. And the greens here are perfect. Remember, nobody else has been walking on them, so there are no spike marks to throw a putt off-line. That helps your score, plus having everyone play so well. It's very unusual when three players have only three bogeys. Very unusual. Tomorrow I want to hit the ball just a little bit better.

PLAYER: I probably shouldn't be saying this, but when did you ever see better golf than you did today? Honest, this golf course isn't that easy; there isn't a tougher one in this country. The fast start by those other two made it especially hard for me. Those guys were holing out putts all over the place. I'm even par and playing well after three holes, and I'm 3 down. It's that old story, you've got to have breaks. I think Arnold had them today. The putting is the problem. They were both outhitting me 30 to 50 yards off the tee, but big hitting doesn't ever bother me, ever. On six holes here I hit a four-wood off the tee. I want to play up short of the trouble. And I think I stay out of trouble better than they do. [Player missed only four fairways, Palmer five, Nicklaus six. He missed four greens, as did Nicklaus. Palmer missed six.] All I want to do is play as well tomorrow as I did today, and have some putts start dropping.

NICKLAUS: I'm happy to have that 66. It was easily my best round since the Open. I've been working hard. I figured my game had to fall into place sooner or later. I guess it was about time.

PLAYER: You know, there is tremendous pressure in a match like this. It isn't like a tournament; more like an exhibition. But no tournament ever made me feel that I was under more pressure.

AFTER 27 HOLES

Nicklaus	**103**	**(2 under)**
Player	**104**	**(1 under)**
Palmer	**104**	**(1 under)**

NICKLAUS: This morning I felt that unless Gary was going to win, the difference between the winner and the runner-up would be about three or four shots. And I honestly thought the winner would be Arnie. I played bridge last night with Arnie, Forest Evashevski and Charlie Goren, and I didn't get to bed until 1 a.m. Then I got so worked up thinking about the bridge game [Nicklaus won when he played with Goren, lost when he played against him] that I didn't fall asleep for another three hours. I was feeling pretty frozen when I woke up. Right away on the first hole I got a bad break. I hit my second into a trap and buried it so deep that as soon as I saw it I knew I could just barely get it out. By the 3rd hole I was having so much trouble I hardly noticed that Arnie had started out bogey, bogey, bogey.

PALMER: I had a good shot at a birdie on the first hole. My approach shot left me only about 12 feet away. But I hit the putt so bad that I ended up three-putting. Right there I lost a little of my confidence. When I three-putted the next green it *really* shook my confidence.

PLAYER: It kind of burned me up when a reporter asked me after the round yesterday if I thought Jack or I could catch Arnold. Damn, Jack was only one shot behind, and I was just four. Golf's a strange game and people don't seem to realize it. I felt pretty confident starting off today. I picked up a stroke in a hurry on the first hole. On the 2nd I've got a five-footer for a birdie. Arnold already has a bogey 6. If I make my putt I get two strokes back on the leader. But I miss the bloody thing. That hurt. Believe me, it did.

PALMER: Things got worse. I had a six-iron to the green on the 3rd hole. I tried to draw it a little and ended up hooking it. This was partly because of a bad lie, but I didn't hit the shot right at all. It hit the branch of a tree and fell into the water. There I was, 3 over par on the first three holes, and a stroke behind Jack. As you know, I never like to play safe, but now I had to gamble all the way. Yet it wasn't going to do me much good to gamble if I couldn't start banging some putts into the hole.

PLAYER: All at once I feel maybe this isn't Arnie's day and that I can come on strong. I get in real trouble on the 3-par 5th hole, but Arnie's in bad shape again and Jack's a long way from the pin. I hit my shot out of the rough and it stops no more than two feet from the hole. I blow

continued

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Weatherly to the starting line—photo by Mark Shaw

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the putt! I thought to myself, "Man, it's really going to be tough!" I can't keep waiting for these guys to make mistakes. I birdie 6 and I'm in business again. My par on 8 gets me another stroke back on both of them. And yes sir, I danced the twist on the 9th hole—sure I did. Why not? That was at least a 75-footer I knocked in for my birdie 3. I'm thinking to myself, "We're going to be all even starting the last nine." Jack obviously thought differently. He had been in trouble, but he sank an eight-foot putt to end up with a tremendous par.

NICKLAUS: On the 9th hole I probably hit the most important putt of the whole round. It may just have made winning possible. As I stood over the ball it occurred to me that I'd needed 17 putts on the first eight holes. That's bad. You can't imagine how relieved I felt when this one went in.

PLAYER: Well, so he made the putt. It didn't bother me any. It was the first one he had made today.

AFTER THE 36 HOLES

Nicklaus	**135**	**(5 under)**
Player	**139**	**(1 under)**
Palmer	**139**	**(1 under)**

NICKLAUS: The putt on 9 set me up. I'm feeling good. I birdie 10 and 11. Then on the 12th hole I get a real good break on a real bad chip shot. I had a good lie back of the green after my tee shot had gone over. But as soon as I hit the chip I figured, "Oh, oh, it's going to stop way short." When I dared look up the ball was scooting much closer than I thought it would. I ended up with a six-footer instead of the 12-footer that I had expected, and sunk it.

PLAYER: Four straight one-putt greens for Jack. That's what took care of the old situation, believe you me. Not that I was giving up right here. I was still only three strokes behind.

PALMER: I was 4 down at the 14th when I sank a 20-footer, my only real good putt of the day. "Maybe I've got it going again," I said to myself.

NICKLAUS: On 15 I got another break. My tee shot went way to the left, but it hit into the crowd and kicked back to the edge of the green. I got an easy par 3. Well, yesterday Arnold got the breaks. Today I'm getting them. It occurred to me that only Gary wasn't getting any breaks at all. Not yesterday. Not today.

PLAYER: I wasn't thinking much about Arnie anymore. Not that I wasn't worried about him. But Jack was leading. He was the guy we had to catch.

NICKLAUS: My second shot on 16 was the first time I began to think about playing it safe. I could afford a 6, but I sure couldn't afford a 7 or 8 by hitting into the water. So I hit the second shot way to the left and short, and the third to the left side of the green, away from that water.

PALMER: My approach on 16 was an excellent shot. I figured maybe Jack had oversafed himself and I could pick up some ground. But that approach shot that had looked so good rolled 35 feet past the hole. I had taken chances all day. I certainly didn't quit, you can be sure of that. But you know how it is sometimes when things won't work. To be honest, I didn't play particularly well either day. I guess I've got to blame my putting.

NICKLAUS: I'm still playing safe on 17, so I use a one-iron off the tee to be sure I am well short of the two fairway traps. I hit the shot quite well, not "fat" the way I heard Bob Rosburg, who was doing the television announcing, describe it on the air.

PLAYER: Right up to the 17th I honestly felt I could still do it. If I birdie it and he bogeys it I am only one stroke behind. But Jack played so well. He's the longest hitter in the world, and I mean it. He plays like there isn't any rough. Jack just slammed the door on me and Arnold on 17 with a great four-iron to the green after his good tee shot. I hit what I thought was a wonderful shot that stopped about 12 feet from the pin, but again I couldn't make the birdie putt. Now I was playing for second money—that $15,000—and I knew it. And let me tell you, I certainly did want to finish second instead of in a tie with Arnold. I felt, well, if you can't win, be second.

NICKLAUS: I didn't really think I had it won until I stepped up on the 18th tee with a three-shot lead. When Arnie hit his second shot on that hole I turned to somebody and said, "Did you think he was going to sink it?" Then you saw what Gary did. He almost did sink his iron shot. By the time I got to the green I knew I'd have to take an awful lot of putts to lose, so I decided that I might as well try to sink my 15-foot birdie putt, and I did sink it. That was that.

THE EPILOGUE

PLAYER: The three of us were talking before the exhibition started, and we agreed that a score of 140 ought to win. The fact that I finished with a 139 pleased me. I played good golf. At least *I* was satisfied. And let me tell you, it makes me very happy to get a nice $12,500 check like this.

PALMER: I gambled all day long, but it didn't work out for me. I don't really know how to explain it, and I don't want to sound like I'm trying to make excuses, because I'm not. But somehow I just lost the feel in my hands. It happens now and then, but you don't like it to happen at this kind of tournament. It started on the back nine yesterday, and I just never got the feel back. My plane's ready at the airport. I've got to get headed home. Winnie's waiting. I'll be seeing you sometime soon, I hope.

NICKLAUS: Yesterday I said I wouldn't start thinking about that $50,000 until the last few holes today. But just plain winning, beating these two guys, has turned out to be so important and exciting to me that I'm not thinking about the money yet. **END**

SPORTY RIVIERA by Buick has a markedly wide front, four headlights, massive parking light pods (in front fenders) and eggcrate grille. The driving wheel can be adjusted to seven positions. The body is steel, the hubcaps are simulated knock-offs (à la Indianapolis) and the roof line reflects the Thunderbird influence, now heavily copied in the industry. The Avanti by Studebaker (*right*) is of fiber glass, has but two headlights and no grille. Designed by Raymond Loewy, it has an air scoop below the front bumper, is stylishly pinch-waisted and fast-backed. Advertised as fast and safe, it has disk brakes and a roll bar in the roof.

STYLISH NEW CARS OFF ON A BIG BIRD SHOOT

by ***KENNETH RUDEEN***

In a conventional and good Detroit year, Buick and Studebaker are contesting Ford's Thunderbird market in the sports-luxury field

Almost as much as nature abhors a vacuum, the men who build America's cars deplore the idea of an unchallenged competitor. For five years Detroit has watched with mingled admiration and avarice the Ford Thunderbird's solo flight to a high plateau of profits and prestige. Now for the first time the 'Bird has hostile company. Two rivals have been launched to scrape beak and claw with the Thunderbird for the growing market in what Detroit likes to refer to as "personal" cars—cars that bespeak sport and luxury. The newest intruder is Buick's widemouthed, elegant Riviera (*left*), introduced just this week. Already in production but still novel to most potential buyers is Studebaker's Avanti (*below*), a wedgelike, Italianate auto-

continued

mobile, the most powerful version of which is the world's fastest stock car.

Ford's cool response to these challengers, which it knew perfectly well were coming, is the 1963 Thunderbird (*illustrated below*), also introduced this week. Except for minor styling changes, the new Thunderbird looks exactly like the present model. Funds that might have been spent on drastic resculpturing have been invested instead in improvements

es for the first four-seater," said one of Ford's executives the other day, "and then found we had a ten-strike. Many buyers had to wait three to four months for their Thunderbirds in 1958."

"It is," wrote the contented owner of a more recent 'Bird, "the most waved-at car on the road today."

Besides the basic hardtop model, this year as in the past there is also a convertible 'Bird to be waved at, with a top that stows itself beneath the rear-deck lid (thus making the trunk useless for

iera is the most conservative in appearance, which was to be expected of prudent, prosperous GM. It is also the longest—three inches longer than the Thunderbird. However, the car weighs substantially less—even less than standard Buicks—and its 401-cubic-inch engine has a higher-rated horsepower, 325. This combination results in a top speed reportedly between 115 and 125. The Riviera accelerates from 0-60 mph in 7.2 seconds—very spirited traveling indeed.

The Avanti is something else again. It

NEW THUNDERBIRD has side crease and an altered grille, but main changes were made by Ford on auto's interior.

invisible to the eye—*e.g.*, noise deadeners, more powerful brakes, superior hydraulically operated windshield wipers.

The three cars differ from one another in more than looks alone, but they all have in common the "personal" qualities. They include a two-door hardtop body sharply different in appearance from each company's standard cars, four individual "bucket" seats, a "console" instrument area between the front seats and a maximum speed potential of more than 100 mph. Price tags are in the $4,500-to-$5,000 range.

When Ford invented the personal car in 1954—first year of the old two-seat Thunderbird—sports-car purists were pained. The four-seat 'Bird, introduced in 1958, scarcely mollified them. (Chevy's Corvette has remained a two-seater and is, of course, acknowledged to be Detroit's only real sports car.) The purists' supercilious attitude toward the Thunderbird has worried Ford all the way to the bank, as they say. It is precisely because Ford chose not to build a small, stiffly sprung sports car with hair-trigger steering for the buffs, but sought a wider appeal, that Thunderbird sales have reached a lucrative 80,000-a-year level and that the Riviera and Avanti now want in.

"We went pretty low on volume guess-

luggage, which somehow doesn't seem to bother the owners), and a curious roadster version in which a removable cowl covers the convertible's rear seats. Although five inches shorter than the standard Ford Galaxie, the 1963 'Bird is some 500 pounds heavier. Ford believes its customers want the feel of a heavy car and gives it to them. A 390-cubic-inch, 300-hp engine provides reasonably brisk acceleration and passing power; a hotter 340-hp engine is also available. The car is, of course, essentially a boulevard and turnpike machine; its sporting aspect lies mostly in the bucket seats and jaunty styling.

Identical to the Thunderbird in concept is the Riviera, which the Buick wordsmiths term a "personalized sports coupe." The decision to build it was made at General Motors' corporate summit. Bids were made on high not only by Buick but also by Pontiac and Oldsmobile. Volatile Buick, which had vaulted to third place in the industry with 1955 sales of 737,000 but had slumped to 245,000 in 1959, was the logical choice because of its now embarrassingly roomy plant capacity. A super pitch by superspieler Roland Withers, sales manager, is said to have clinched the Riviera deal for Buick in the spring of 1961.

Of the three cars treated here the Riv-

is a conspicuously daring gamble by President Sherwood Egbert to restore luster to Studebaker's faded name. As such, the Avanti is important not only for the profits it will make but also as an "emotion-mover" (in industry jargon) to attract customers into Studebaker showrooms.

The car is an audacious one for America. Raymond Loewy's racy fast-back coachwork (roof line sloping directly to the car's rearmost extremity) is easily the industry's most spectacular at this moment (although Chevy's 1963 Corvette, to be unveiled in two weeks, is going to open an eye or two). The car's performance can be breathtaking. Supercharged engines are available, and an Avanti in the most highly modified trim became the world's quickest passenger car by averaging no less than 168.15 mph at Bonneville in two-way flying mile runs. Most buyers of supercharged Avantis will specify a less violent package. Equipped with the standard, unsupercharged 289-cubic-inch V-8, the hp rating of which has not been disclosed, the light (3,000 pounds), compact (a foot shorter than the 'Bird), normal Avanti is plenty hot. Manual transmissions are available, as is *not* the case with 'Birds and Rivieras.

In trying out the three cars, not as a

continued

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SUPER

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But something else happens when you fire a shotgun. Inside the barrel, nearly half the shot streaks along in contact with the sides. Even the most scrupulously manufactured shot becomes distorted from the friction and drops by the wayside.

By protecting the shot and carrying it cleanly through the barrel, this remarkable little collar practically eliminates friction-distortion. More of the shot stays in shape, stays together, and ends up where it belongs: on target. Winchester-Western's ballistics scientists call it "the best-performing long range shotshell in history."

Olin

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sweaters to putt by

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cornering demon but merely as a keen motorist, I found them all comfortable, peppy, stable at high speeds and vice-free to the limited degree tbat I attempted vigorous driving. The Avanti felt lightest and stiffest, as it should have, and had tbe quickest steering. The Riviera pilot model had ultrasensitive brakes, which took some getting used to—a point soon forgotten in the exhilaration of doing 100 mph with a feeling of complete security over the wavy asphalt of a narrow two-lane road. In 400 miles at the wheel of a Thunderbird roadster, mostly in the 70-to-80-mph range on expressways, I experienced the sense of well-being that accompanies rapid motoring in a well-appointed car.

These personal cars accentuate the recent sweeping iodustry move toward features with a sportive flavor—especially bucket seats. The trend continues in the 1963 models now being iotroduced. Technical innovatioo is largely absent from the new models, although Cadillac will have a new 325-hp V-8 engine and Chevy a new 230-cubic-inch six.

Many cars will have a different look, but in most cases only subtly so. Ford is adding convertibles in its Falcon and Comet compact lines; Mercury is adding engioe oomph; the Ford Galaxie will offer as optional the swing-away steering wbeel pioocered by the Thunderbird, and will have an optional four-speed stick sbift.

Chrysler Corporation has replaced its Dodge Lancer with a new 111-inch-wheelbase Dart; standard Dodges are longer, as are Valiants and Plymouths; and the Imperial's gunsight tailpieces are oo more. The industry is generally cleaning up and simplifying car exteriors. Ramblers have been given their first major restyling in years aod are a bit sborter, althougb wheelbase length has beeo increased. Studebaker bas again cbanged the familiar Lark in minor ways and is not expected to alter the Lark look drastically uotil next year. Powerful, virtually fade-proof disk brakes on the front wheels, one of the Avanti's best features, will be offered at extra cost in all other Studebakers.

As the battle of the automobile marketplace warms up to its customary fraotic pitch, however, there will probably be no more exciting contest than that between the 'Bird and the sharp-clawed Riviera and Avanti. The champ has drawn two bright competitors. **END**

WHERE DO EUROPEANS GO FOR THEIR VACATION?

To a cultivated European, superb food, excellent service, exciting cities, great works of art are part of his way of life—they are to be found all over Europe. If that was all he wanted from a vacation, he probably could stay home. But he doesn't stay home. He takes vacations—and often in Switzerland.

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ALL EYES ON THE CHALLENGER

Like 'Weatherly's' skipper, Bus Mosbacher (above), the world will be watching this week as Australia's 'Gretel' bids for the America's Cup

by CARLETON MITCHELL

As the gun fires to send *Weatherly* and *Gretel* across the starting line on Saturday, it will be the 18th time in 92 years that a challenger has tried to carry home the trophy won by the schooner *America* under the eyes of Queen Victoria. None has succeeded—in 55 cup races spanning almost a century, the defenders have lost only five.

By present standards of sportsmanship, not all of tbe challengers have been given a fair chance. This is not the case with *Gretel*. Seldom if ever has an overseas invader in any field been helped so far along the road to victory by a nation anxious to make things equal. "It's hard to tell where the American part ends and the Australian begins," exclaimed an observer last week. From her epoxy-paint bottom, smoother than a gun b rre', to the aluminum extrusion that forms the towering mast, *Gretel* is indebted to her host country. Winches, rigging wire, many fittings—even sails —bave been made available, while her very lines stem from *Vim* and were tested in a model tank in the un-down-under city of Hoboken.

Contrast this generosity with the attitude toward *Cambria*, the first British vessel to make a foray, in 1870. She was required to sail a single race against a fleet of 23 crack yachts. For the next challenge, despite published protests that a "match should be won when made," it was conceded that the invading *Livonia* would be pitted against a single boat, but there was still a catch: the committee reserved the right to name her adversary on the morning of each race, depending on the weather. Four potential defenders were ready, all best in different strengths of wind. As recently as 1958 there was a stricter interpretation of the clause in the deed of gift stating the yacht must be "constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs."

When I sailed aboard *Sceptre* in England four months before the last cup races, the crew expressed a wish for enough Zeta cloth—a lightweight, strong, nonporous synthetic fabric—to make a spinnaker. I promised to send them some

if the cup committee expressed no objection. It did. The late Commodore W.A.W. Stewart, chairman of the committee, informed me that sending American fabric to a challenger might violate the country-of-origin clause. Now, under an obviously relaxed interpretation of the clause, *Gretel* Helmsman Jock Sturrock is able to say: "We have available a full complement of Hood and Ratsey sails to use—if we want to."

This is not intended to belittle the Australian achievement. But it is true that without a relaxation of the rules by the present cup committee there simply could not have been a challenger from down under. No one unfamiliar with the complexity of a modern 12-meter yacht realizes the technological background necessary to its production; while harnessing the wind for propulsion may be anachronistic, to do it competitively requires an extensive leavening of aerodynamic materials and techniques.

There are not likely to be any secrets on either side. The Aussies followed the early trial races closely—a boat carrying Archie Robertson and Jock Sturrock was closest to *Columbia* when she lost her mast, and picked up the crew member knocked overboard—and are familiar with every phase of American starting tactics and sail-handling methods. During the week after the selection of a defender the rival vessels stood side by side on the ways of Newport Shipyard as final modifications took place, all work open to mutual inspection.

Gretel, incidentally, effected a rather major change for so late in the season by moving the mast forward 19 inches. "She has always had a weather helm," concedes Designer Alan Payne "It didn't seem so bad back in Melbourne, but it seems bad here." Jock Sturrock, now that he has been named helmsman, is delighted. "Nothing I dislike more than fighting the wheel. I have a Payne-designed sloop of my own back in Australia, and she balances perfectly. *Gretel* will be better for the change." As the headstay has been shifted a matching distance, no recutting of sails is required. At the same time, the oversize mainsheet horse has been discarded and the American system of blocks and mainsheet lead adopted. Now little remains of the Australian attempt to break away from standard 12-meter practice except the linked coffee grinders for handling headsails (SI, July 9).

Thus *Gretel* will meet *Weatherly* as closely equalized as it is possible for boats of widely different origins and national backgrounds to be. Yet, as the series of trials to choose a defender has proved, it is impossible to be certain of the relative abilities of yachts in match racing until they meet in actual competition—and even then superiority may hinge on the whim of the winds and vary from day to day.

The known advantages of *Weatherly* begin with the men on deck. Bus Mosbacher has proved himself the outstanding helmsman of this era, both in his grasp of tactics and his ability to make a boat move through the water, especially to windward. After four years of watching Bus on the starting line I am still amazed at his knack of bending almost any situation to his advantage. It seems to stem from an uncanny sense of timing—not just the minutes ticking away on the starter's chronometer but how the boats will come together after sailing different courses at different speeds. No matter what his opponent may do, Mosbacher is usually where he wants to be when the gun sounds.

Backing up Mosbacher in the cockpit are shipmates from *Vim* four years ago —Dick Matthews as navigator and Don Matthews as mainsheet man and tactical spotter. Forward is Vic Romagna, veteran of both *Weatherly* and *Columbia*. Adding Buddy Bombard and Doug Mercer, six of the 11 men aboard were blooded in the '58 campaign. The teamwork necessary to perform intricate yet split-second maneuvers can only be gained through competition, and the *Weatherly* team has had ample.

Weatherly achieved 15 victories against five defeats in the trials, but *Gretel* is an unknown quantity. Her yardstick has been the venerable *Vim*, whose present capabilities can only be judged by her failure to win a single race during this year's New York Yacht Club cruise, against five victories in seven starts in 1958. Sturrock and his crew will start their first big-boat match race on Saturday when they come up against Bus Mosbacher and *Weatherly*. This is something like trying to lasso a tiger the first time you see a tiger.

On the challenger's side is Sturrock's proved ability under pressure in other classes, a rigorous training program with much hard drill, a crew chosen after almost two years of tryouts and what might best be called the Aussie competitive flair—the determination, dedication and dash that have carried a small nation to the top in other sports.

The weather also may be on the Australian side. Unless *Gretel* is capable of the biggest surprise within memory, *Weatherly* must be considered the fastest yacht of her class ever built in light and moderate winds, say up to 15 knots. Changes in ballasting have vastly improved her stability, and beyond question she now qualifies as a good all-round performer, not likely to be outclassed in any conditions. But how far up the velocity scale her power extends is a matter of question in the minds of many experts. True, *Weatherly* went well during the final trials in winds of better than 20 knots, but somewhere in this area the challenger might begin to give an interesting account of herself.

I cannot forget watching from *Gretel*'s cockpit her enormous superiority over *Vim* while going to windward in a rail-down breeze (SI, Sept. 3). While some observers who have watched from astern feel she, too, may be a trifle tender in a blow, I was impressed by her drive through the seas, her ability to point high and foot well and the smartness of her crew in tacking—as well as the angle between tacks, fully as good as *Weatherly*'s.

While meteorological records do not indicate appreciably stronger average winds in mid-September than in mid-summer, for a few days anything could happen. Not only is it the season of the equinox, but already the fresh chill gradient winds of autumn have tinted the trees of Newport. Come zephyrs between frontal systems, expect *Weatherly* in a walk. But come a few days of heavy winds and rough seas, and there just might develop drama sadly lacking for the spectator fleet in recent cup matches, as well as in the trials this summer.

ON FOLLOWING PAGES, THE CREWS, 'WEATHERLY'S" OWNER, A SECRET STRUGGLE

THE MEN WHO SAIL THE BOATS

WEATHERLY

MOSBACHER MERCER D. MATTHEWS R. MATTHEWS

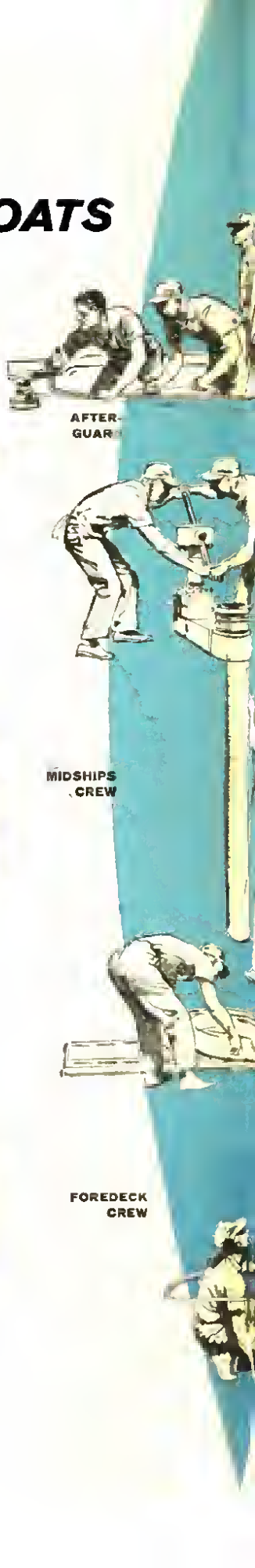
Once found wanting, *Weatherly* has been revitalized inside and out since her unsuccessful campaign of 1958. Her greatest single new asset is her helmsman, Bus Mosbacher (SI, Sept. 10). But even that smiling genius cannot sail her singlehanded. He has handpicked a crew built around a nucleus of sailors who have been operating 12-meters together since 1958. His strategic starts—the secret of match racing—and effective sail-handling are accomplished by 11 New Yorkers who have been polished to perfection by their skipper. Slender, soft-spoken Doug Mercer is *Weatherly*'s mainsheet expert—despite, rather than because of, the fact that he is the owner's son. Alert and meticulous, Mercer catches people before they make mistakes. The Matthews brothers, Don and Dick, who learned the trade on their father's *Vim* in 1958, complete an afterguard that is balanced by an impressive alliance of experience and talent.

BOMBARD WELSH MONTE-SANO BERTRAND

Leo (Buddy) Bombard, at 135 pounds, is the smallest of "Mosbacher's little men." (They are outweighed by *Gretel*'s crew by some 10 pounds each.) By rights a midships tailer (*i.e.*, the man who winds the wire sheets around a winch) should be a behemoth, but Bombard, the little lion, who has the fastest hands in the business, substitutes speed for size. Husky Bob Welsh "is so eager he does your work before you can get to it." Bizzy Monte-Sano, 21, a Yale student who skis when he isn't sailing, is adjudged by experts as "a wonderful piece of boat equipment." Besides being a top hand with a coffee grinder, Charlie Bertrand is one of two men in the world who know the secret formula of a highly popular Italian liqueur (Galliano). He is also the ship's hypochondriac. "We had a joke box of Lucky Pills to help *Weatherly* win in the trials," says one of his crewmates. "Just sugar, but Charlie took them all." And, of course, *Weatherly* won.

ROMAGNA BROWNING HALL

If her afterguard boasts yachting's greatest helmsman, *Weatherly*'s foredeck can match him with the world's best spinnaker man. Barrel-chested Vic Romagna, who handled *Weatherly*'s kites so deftly in the 1958 trials that he was graduated to *Columbia* for her defense of the cup, has served four years on the new defender. He selected Don Browning and Ned Hall to assist him in the bow. They have more than justified his confidence, although they have had only a single summer's experience of 12-meter sailing. At 45, Browning is the oldest crewman and, being self-employed, is making the greatest personal sacrifice. Ned, a Princeton senior, should be concentrating on his studies. Explains Romagna, the lucid, erudite philosopher, "We're all willfully neglecting something." But to Vic Romagna, as to most racing sailors, sailing is a compulsion—the bigger the race the more violent it gets. Wet, cold or tired, no crewman ever rests. "If you're behind you have to catch up," says Vic. "If you're ahead you have to stay there." *Weatherly* intends to be ahead.



Mathematical formulas can build a boat, but no slide rule can calculate the tolerances of an aching back and no vector can show the effects of skilled seamanship or stubborn determination. On these pages are the 22 men of 'Weatherly' and 'Gretel,' whose human strengths and weaknesses may determine which of two fine boats wins the America's Cup

GRETEL

STURROCK

HAMMOND

T. HALVORSEN

M. HALVORSEN

Skipper Jock Sturrock combines a deft hand at the helm with level-headed diplomacy. Cool and unhurried, he has quietly conciliated *Gretel*'s syndicate of owners, her zealous designer and untested crew. Beneath his sober tact and firm command lies a puckish humor that has made his ship a contradiction—it is both taut and happy. Australia's best small-boat sailor, he has won the respect and confidence of his crew, being neither indulgent nor overbearing. His navigator, Terry Hammond, keeps one up on science with constant study and the newest equipment. Not one to trust luck, Terry reads books like *How to Survive at Sea* in his spare time. Brothers Trygve and Magnus Halvorsen were *Gretel*'s construction supervisors. Burly third-generation Australians, they furnish "Norwegian steam," plus a generous amount of tender, loving care. One of the seven married men on board, 44-year-old Magnus has four children back in Australia.

NORTHAM

GOWLAND

THORNTON

McNULTY

Like *Weatherly*'s Doug Mercer, Brian Northam, whose father is on the Australian cup committee, has overcome "family connection" by cheerful acceptance of hard work. His resilient wit lightens the midship's brawnpower. Trevor Gowland, 30, is *Gretel*'s "fix-it" man. Although all crew members watched *Gretel* grow from drawing board to launching, Trevor, as foreman of the construction yard, knows her most intimately. A brand-new bridegroom, he has given *Gretel* far more attention than his bride. "She's going to give him away," jokes one sympathetic crewman. Handsome Bob Thornton is the crew's Adonis and, at 21, the youngest. (*Gretel*'s men average three years older than *Weatherly*'s.) His rugged good looks are matched by the lean, unflagging power necessary to a winch pumper. But the title of strongest man goes to stocky Frank McNulty, a tightly knit mass of muscle who could "lift any *Weatherly* man with one hand—smiling."

YORK

O'DONNELL

SARGEANT

In gymnastic ability Mick York ranks second only to America's famed Rod Stephens. As foredeck chief, he is responsible for the proper functioning of headsail halyards, sheets and an intricate maze of spinnaker topping lifts and guys. Like all *Gretel*'s crewmen, his 12-meter experience dates back only to *Vim*'s arrival in Australia two and a half years ago. But he has developed the endurance and self-reliance of all Aussie sailors who spend a lifetime in long-distance ocean racing. Peter O'Donnell and Dick Sargeant, 23 and 26, are cat-footed veterans of Australia's blue-water classic, the Sydney-Hobart race. "We're not experts," admits Mick York, "but we get along together." That they get along with *Gretel* is obvious to Bus Mosbacher, who notes in admiration, "*Gretel*'s fast—and that crew is fast. They handle her very well." York adds, "We read Carleton Mitchell's book *Summer of the Twelves* and thought they were a bunch of supermen—everyone a champion. But I think we're better off with our hard-working fellows. The Americans are talkers—we're doers."

CONTINUED

THE MAN WITH THE MONEY

HENRY D. MERCER

Naval Architect Philip Rhodes is a methodical man who keeps a record of every telephone call that ever came into his office. One item in his notebook, dated July 18, 1957, reads: "Mr. H. D. Mercer of States Marine Corporation called and said that he and some of his partners are toying with the idea of building a 12-meter boat for next summer's America's Cup races and wanted to know if we would be available for a job of this sort."

A week later Rhodes himself was toying with the idea in Mr. Mercer's beige-and-green office. There he was handed as plump a plum as any racing-boat designer ever dreamed of. The only condition Henry Mercer imposed on the designer was that he, Rhodes, handle every detail of the designing and building of a cup defender right down to the selection of a skipper and crew.

No yachtsman himself, the man who offered this blank check to international sport had caught the contagion of America's Cup racing some 27 years before at the side of the most dogged competitor the cup has ever known. When Sir Thomas Lipton sailed into New York

THE PRINCE WHO WAS SENT PACKING

When it was first announced in October 1959, by Field Marshal Sir William Slim, then Australia's Governor General and Commodore of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Australia's challenge for the America's Cup caught British yachtsmen with their pennants down. One British yachtsman in particular, H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh and patron of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, was incensed at the idea of intruders from down under homing in on what he deemed a purely domestic prerogative. The following correspondence, made available to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at the suggestion of Sir Frank Packer by the Australian Consolidated Press, discloses for the first time the Prince's frustrated efforts to reestablish Britannia's rule over the waves.

The Secretary, Australian Yachting Federation

Dear Sirs:

It has become increasingly apparent over the past few months that following the defeat of the challenger (*Sceptre*) in the America's Cup series, a number of people in several Commonwealth countries including the United Kingdom are considering mounting another challenge.

Some of these latter, with other interested yachtsmen, met together in London to consider in an entirely informal manner some of the problems which will arise between a number of potential challengers coming forward reasonably simultaneously or at intervals.

There are clearly many facets of the problem which this informal gathering could make no attempt to solve. There was, however, a large measure of agreement that a committee should be set up consisting of the interested parties in this country in order to coordinate their efforts to the best advantage and to decide amongst themselves how and when challenges should be issued.

However, the meeting was aware that there were several potential challengers in other Commonwealth countries and those present felt that it might be to the mutual advantages of all concerned to invite all the potential challengers in the Commonwealth countries to meet together and discuss the subject.

As a basis for discussion, and no more, it was suggested that a Commonwealth Co-ordinating Committee might be set up. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, indicated that were such a committee formed he would be prepared to accept the chairmanship.

It is now understood that the New York Yacht Club is not prepared to accept a challenge unless the challenger has taken part in some form of elimination races. This is another problem which the committee might tackle.

We would like to invite potential challengers to become members of the proposed Commonwealth Co-ordinating Committee and to ask whether it would be possible for them to attend a meeting in this country during the first fortnight in May or any other time they care to propose.

We will then endeavour to circulate as much information as possible to all members of the committee so that they may come to the meeting apprised of other people's problems and difficulties.

Philip
Kenneth Preston
Charles Ball

By the time this letter reached Australia, the challenge issued by Sir Frank Packer and his syndicate had been as good as accepted, but in a desperate effort to modify this *fait accompli*, the Royal Thames sent its emissary, Captain John Illingworth, R.N. (ret.), to New York to see what he could do. After talking to officials of the New York Yacht Club, Illingworth sent a message to Sir Frank conceding that his challenge had been accepted but adding that "in the light of the letter from Prince Philip, the New Yorkers hoped some way might be found to have British and Australian yachts meet in a Commonwealth elimination either in British or American waters."

Sir Frank's reply was direct:

harbor on the luxury liner *Leviathan* in 1930 intent on his fifth and final try at the cup, Henry Mercer, a young shipping magnate, was with him. During the crossing Mercer had helped Sir Thomas chart a course through the perilous sea of balls and banquets facing him in Newport.

Up to that time Mercer's only connection with sport, international or otherwise, had been as a member of a New Jersey semipro basketball team known as the Passaic Invaders. Born in New Jersey in 1893, he was only 17 when he went to work as a clerk for the Erie Railroad. At 20 he got a job with the Great Northern Railway and, 10 years later, after a hitch as a gunner's mate aboard a World War I destroyer, he became general agent for the firm's entire New York district. At 30 he assumed the president's chair at Dyson Shipping Company.

"In those days," Mercer says, "the connection between rails and ships was a close one. I just saw my future in ships." A year later he founded a shipping company of his own. As the years passed and the dust gathered on the cup that Lipton's *Shamrocks* had failed to carry away, Mercer built his company into a multimillion-dollar enterprise and made himself a millionaire.

Millionaire or not, however, even Henry Mercer was not rich enough to get involved in America's Cup racing on the scale of the 120-foot-plus J boats. But in 1957, when the rules were changed to permit the use of smaller boats, the response was immediate. A syndicate from Britain issued a challenge, and Henry Mercer telephoned Phil Rhodes. The result was *Weatherly*, a boat that, after an ignominious passing over in 1958, will defend the famous cup against Australia's *Gretel* next week.

Rhodes admits the boat cost the Mercer syndicate (Mercer himself, Arnold D. Frese and Cornelius Walsh) something in excess of $175,000, but this figure does not include sails or the cost of sailing the boat—which, by the most conservative estimate, must have doubled the price. That, however, according to Mercer, is unimportant. "The cup has to be defended," says the man who signs the checks. "Money isn't involved."

—ARTHUR ZICH

THANK YOU FOR YDUR CAaLEO MESSAGE STOP THIS MATTER HAS NOW LARGELY PASSED INTO THE HANDS OF THE ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUADRON WHO ISSUED THE CHALLENOE BUT SYNOICATE'S VIEW IS THAT THIS IS AN INTERNATIONAL TROPHY ANO WE MADE NO SECRET OF THE FACT THAT AUSTRALIA INTENDED TO CHALLENGE, THAT A SYNDICATE HAD aEEN FORMED, THAT THE VIM HAD BEEN CHARTERED, THAT WE INTENDED TO BUILD A BOAT AND TO CHALLENGE STOP IN PUTTING DURSELVES IN THIS POSITION WE HAVE INCURRED GREAT EXPENSE STOP IF FDR REASONS BEST KNOWN TO THEMSELVES THE ENGLISH CHALLENGERS OECIDED TO DELAY THEIR CHALLENOE THIS IN MY OPINION IS NO JUSTIFICATION FOR QUESTIONINO AUSTRALIA'S CHALLENGE.

FURTHERMORE I FEEL THAT A CHALLENGE FROM AUSTRALIA WILL ASSIST AND INTENSIFY GENERAL INTEREST IN THIS GREAT RACE. I SEE NO REASON FOR AUSTRALIA TO WITHDRAW FROM ITS RIGHT AND JUST POSITION AS THE VALID AND FIRST CHALLENGER FOR THE 1962 SERIES ANO AS I SAID EARLIER IN THIS MESSAGE WE AT NO STAGE TRIED TO CLOAK HIDE OR CLOTHE OUR INTENTIONS WITH SECRECY.

THIS MESSAGE IS PERHAPS NOT VERY HELPFUL TO YOU IN WHAT YOU ARE SEEKING TO ACHIEVE WHICH YOU DESCRIBE AS QUOTE TO FIND A SDLUTION SATISFACTORY TO BOTH AUSTRALIA ANO ENOLAND CLOSE QUOTE AS FAR AS WE ARE CONCERNED THE PRESENT SITUATION OF BEING THE FIRST ANO THE VALID CHALLENGER IS QUITE SATISFACTORY FOR AUSTRALIA AND CALLS FOR NO SOLUTION STOP AS YOU ARE AWARE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE PHILIP IS PATRON OF ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUAORON SO NO OOUBT OUR CHALLENGE WILL CARRY HIS BLESSING STOP AFTER ALL YOU HAVE HAO A LONO UNINTERRUPTED RUN STOP MAYBE WE WON'T DO ANY aETTER BUT EVERY NOW AND AGAIN YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE YDUNG FELLOW IN THE FAMILY HIS HEAD STOP WITH KINDEST REGARDS AND GOOD LUCK STOP YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO PLACE THIS CAaLE BEFORE THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUa IF YOU SO OESIRE.

FRANK PACKER

With Sir Frank in no mood to compromise, it remained for Sir William Slim, the former Aussie commodore now living in London, to try to arrange an amicable truce. After talks with the British, he cabled:

VICE COMMODORE, ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT CLUB

HAVE HAO MEETING AT aUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH MAJOR aALL, VICE COMMODORE ROYAL THAMES, AND REAR ADMIRAL aONHAM CARTER AT WHICH SUBJECT OF 1962 CHALLENGE WAS FULLY DISCUSSED STOP I FOUND THE ATMOSPHERE MOST FRIENDLY AND UNOERSTANOING TOWARDS THE AUSTRALIAN CHALLENGE ANO THERE IS NO WISH TO HORN IN ON IT. WE ARE ALL IN AGREEMENT THAT ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUADRON SHOULO PROCEED AS CHALLENGERS FOR 1962 WITH EVERYONE'S GOOO WISHES STOP IT IS HOPEO TO FORM THE COMMONWEALTH COMMITTEE TO CO-ORDINATE ARRANGEMENTS FOR FUTURE CHALLENGES AGAINST EITHER SYONEY OR NEW YORK STOP I RECOMMEND VERY STRONGLY THAT AUSTRALIA SHOULD BE REPRESENTED ON IT STDP PERSONALLY I AM OF OPINION THAT ROYAL THAMES HAS aEHAVED MOST UNDERSTANDINGLY AS THEIR CHALLENGE CDULD HAVE REACHED NEW YORK WELL BEFORE OURS aUT FOR THEIR ACCEPTANCE OF POSTPONEMENT TO FALL IN WITH TERMS DF SUGGESTED COMMONWEALTH COMMITTEE STOP I HOPE ALL IS NOW CLEAR TO GO FULL SAIL AHEAD.

SLIM

ROYAL YACHTSMAN takes his son sailing on seas where yacht *America* first won the cup.

BEAUTY AND THE Best

If life imitated art or, at least, B pictures, the handsome athlete would wind up with the gorgeous chick, holding hands by the automatic dishwasher, listening to the kids gurgling over the family intercom. This is one version of the American dream, and the fact that it sometimes comes true can be seen by looking at the dreamy couples on the following pages. Tennis Star Pancho Gonzales netted Madelyn Darrow, Miss Rheingold of 1958; they have twin daughters, Christina and Mariessa, 17 months. Halfback Jon Arnett was thrown for a loss by Yvonne Flint, Rose Bowl princess, Home Show Queen, Miss Ambassador ("That was for the cutest teen-age model and they picked me, though I was 21 at the time"); little Matt is 19 months. Pitcher Don Drysdale was smitten by Eula (Ginger) Dubberly, model and TV actress ("Lawman," "Hawaiian Eye"); Kelly Gean, 3, makes three. Conni Venturi and sons, Matthew Bruce, 6, and Timothy, 3, ease the torment of Ken's long slump on the professional golf tour.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Madelyn Darrow Gonzales, Miss Rheingold of 1958, met Pancho at a tennis club. He gave her lessons and married her. (They now have twins.) "Richard is still very sweet about tennis," says Madelyn. "He'll play with me anytime I want—real tennis, too, not just hitting the ball."

Does Yvonne Flint Arnett worry when Jon carries the ball for the L.A. Rams? "Only when two or three of those huge men land on him." Do Jon and Yvonne live it up when the Rams win? "The guys sit around and talk about the game. The wives sit around talking about something else."

I'm thrilled to be his wife but I married the man, not the figure," says Ginger Dubberly Drysdale, wife of star Dodger pitcher Don. "We try to live our lives as normally as possible. We keep baseball on the field, but the nights we plan to go out the fellows always play 14 or 15 innings."

"He gets up whistling," says Conni McLean Venturi of her golfer husband Ken, "and he always comes to the breakfast table with his hair combed and a big smile. But after eight years of married life I know what's next—he grabs the sports page and gets lost for a half an hour."

Will the smart new look last?

Just button up this sweater and you're ready to go. Here's a sweater that looks smooth, soft, handsome. But will that new look *last?* It sure will! And, this wool-and-Kodel sweater will keep its shape, after *machine-washing, machine-drying*. It bears the Eastman "Certified Knit Fabric" tag. The tag is only on knitwear made with Kodel, an Eastman Kodak fiber. The knit fabric must be tested and certified to meet Eastman textile quality standards. Want to button up the best kind of sweater? Just look for this tag!

Revere *cardigan sweater. A blend of 65% wool, 35% Kodel polyester. Choice of six fashionable colors. About $12.00. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not the fabric or sweater shown here.*

Count on Kodel...member of the Eastman Kodak family

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Everything at the national singles championships was better this year, so it was no surprise when Rod Laver (below) became the second man in history to grab a Grand Slam

Rod rockets into orbit

There was something for everybody at the 81st National Singles Championships at Forest Hills, N.Y. last week. Next to the stadium, in which each day's most promising matches were held, there was a shiny new automobile, put there, said the sign, as a salute to the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. Beneath the stadium's concrete arches there was a machine that boomed tennis balls at any customers who cared to face it. If they were able to volley its serves back into a small, round target they got a prize. There was a show of tennis fashions for those who would rather look than play. "We do applaud white for tennis," intoned a fashion-wise lady, herself accoutered in a cloth coat with a fur collar, "but green might be a new color." Models paraded by in green sweaters. Models in old-fashioned costumes pirouetted past. "It is said," commented the fasbion lady, "that one player always wore a cake of ice under her hat."

For nostalgia there was the exit in the qualifying round of one Hugh Sweeney, who may quite possibly be the last man ever to play tournament tennis in long wbite flannel pants. For those who liked tennis there was comedy and drama alike in a tensely fought match between clumsy but crafty Whitney Reed and Mexico's dogged Rafael Osuna, a match that ended after five grueling sets with Reed hurling bimself through the air into Osuna's outstretched arms. There were a number of dramatic upsets, including those of sixth-seeded Jan Erik Lundquist of Sweden by aging Vic Seixas and of Wimbledon Champion Karen Hantze Susman by 17-year-old Vicki Palmer—indelicately nicknamed The Grunter.

For connoisseurs of mystery, there was the unanswered question of what became of Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy, seeded No. 7. Nicola just plain didn't bother to come, but to make up for his absence, and to add a special spice to the tournament, there was the largest aggregation of foreign entrants ever to take part in a U.S. tournament—more than 110 players from 34 countries, many of them brought from Europe in a special airlift sponsored by the People-to-People Sports Committee.

The foreign players included a women's Wimbledon finalist, Vera Sukova of Czechoslovakia, Germany's pert brunette Helga Schultze (SI, Aug. 27) Margaret Smith of Australia, bearded Jorgen Ulrich of Denmark, Maria Bueno of Brazil, cheerful Reino Nyyssoenen of Finland and the first Russians to play at Forest Hills. None of the Russians—Davis Cuppers Tomas Lejus, Sergei Likhachev, junior champion Alexander Metreveli and the women's champion, Anna Dmitrieva—got very far in the tournament, but everyone was impressed with their good manners, earnestness and restraint when they got bad calls. All of them used the American twist service.

For true tennis fans, however, the real thrill of this year's nationals was the attempt of Australia's Rod Laver to become the first man since Don Budge in 1938, and tbe second in history, to achieve the tennis Grand Slam by adding the U.S. championship to those he had won in Australia, France and England.

Already the holder of this year's Italian, Netherlands, Norwegian and Swiss cbampionships, in addition to tbe big three, this hawk-nosed, freckle-faced, bowlegged Australian is a prime product of the almost unbeatable Australian

continued

system of spotting, nurturing and financing its best tennis players from the cradle. The son of a grazier (cattle rancher), Laver was exposed early and often to tennis. His father was one of 13 children —all tennis players. He met and wooed Rod's mother at the tennis matches in Queensland, in the town of Dingo (named after the Australian wild dogs). There were tennis courts adjoining every ranch and city house the Lavers lived in. Rod's father sometimes had to cook dinner, because Mrs. Laver was out on the courts batting tennis balls around with the children. Rod, the first redheaded, left-handed Laver, played his two older brothers from the time he was six. He used a hand-me-down racket with a sawed-off handle.

In Rockhampton the Lavers won all the tournaments in sight—mother and father winning the singles and mixed doubles and the kids splitting up the various age championships. When he was 13 Rod competed against his brother Bob for the Central Queensland junior title. Because the finals were a family affair, they were held on the Laver home court. Bob won a close match over Rod, who could hardly see higher than the net. A short while later Rod got the break most Australian youngsters hope for, when he was selected to attend a tennis course sponsored by a major Brisbane newspaper. He caught the eye, inevitably, of the man running the course, Harry Hopman, the panjandrum of Australian tennis, and the lid was nailed on his future. When a case of jaundice interrupted his school work, Rod told his father, "The other blokes have had two months' school that I missed, and I want to quit. I don't want to be the galah (Aussie for "jerk") that failed."

With his father's consent, Rod left school at 15, and through Hopman got a job with a sporting goods firm in Brisbane—the kind of job that pays a tennis player whether he is there to punch a time clock or not. With Hopman to coach him, and some of the world's finest competition to spur him on, Laver toughened up his game while languishing in the shade of Hoad and Rosewall. Australia's tennis officials—unlike the guardians of American athletes—professed no worry about Laver's lack of formal schooling in more academic fields.

Although he has traveled over most of the world Rod Laver at 24 is almost painfully uncommunicative. Coached in his early years by Hopman not to say anything to the press, he is so well disciplined that he will hardly admit he is left-handed. After winning the Wimbledon tournament last July by demolishing his countryman Martin Mulligan 6-2, 6-2, 6-1, Laver admitted he thought he had played quite well. When he was asked if he thought there was a jinx on his winning the U.S. championship he said, "Anyone who thinks that is bein' tyken in by a hoax."

Laver plays a good game of golf, does a mean Charleston, thinks the grass at Forest Hills is too soft (as do the Russians), likes to watch baseball, and will probably turn professional for $100,000 after Australia's defense of the Davis Cup next December. In view of these prospects and his current fame, it might be argued that stopping school at 15 was unimportant for Laver.

Laver uses his wrist more than any other player in history except Frank Kovacs and he is the first player to combine a whipping wrist action with near-perfect control. Laver can hit a ball flat, with topspin or with underspin, equally well from both sides. Like a squash player, he adds power to a shot and disguises its direction by putting wrist into his shot at the moment of impact. Few players have his repertory of strokes, and no player has been able to mask his shots better. He has tremendous kick on his serve, and his second serve finds its twisting way so deep in the service court that it often hits the chalk. But perhaps his greatest ability is to make forcing shots of returns that most players would be happy to get back at all. He is cool, too. Last July the jet that was carrying him to matches in Hilversum, in The Netherlands, suddenly dived sharply to avoid colliding with another plane. Thirteen passengers had to be carried off the plane by stretcher-bearers, while the remainder left considerably shaken by the experience. Laver changed clothes, marched out onto the court and easily defeated his opponent. A Dutch official commented, "He nearly gets killed and then he comes out here and plays as if nothing had happened." Add to all this the most effective smash in amateur tennis today, the most lethal serve any man under 5 feet 10 has yet uncorked, an uncanny ability to hit finishing volleys from almost anywhere in midcourt (Laver never just puts the ball in play) and the fact that his left-handed shots curve and spin exactly opposite to what his opponents are accustomed to—and Rod Laver becomes a formidable opponent indeed.

In one seemingly effortless match after another at Forest Hills, Rod Laver demonstrated this fact to, respectively, Israel's Eleazar Davidman, Ecuador's Eduardo Zuleta, Germany's Bodo Nitsche, Mexico's Antonio Palafox, Florida's Frank Froehling, Mexico's Rafael Osuna and, finally, his own countryman, Roy Emerson, the defending champion.

Aussie sweep

Considering the stakes, the pressures weighing on Laver as he went against Emerson—who had taken him in straight sets last year—were enormous. However, Rocket Rod faced his opponent as cool as a koala, and used the same tactics against him that he had used the day before on Osuna. He hit wildly spinning, hard, shoetop-high shots almost impossible to volley. Very often he hit the ball so fast that Emerson could merely watch as it skimmed by. On service, as usual, he was all but invincible. For a brief moment early in the third set Laver grew careless, and Emerson, taking heart, won the set 7–5. But in the final set Laver broke service in the very first game and was never headed. His three-sets-to-one victory for the coveted Grand Slam was almost an anticlimax. Rod tossed his racket in the air, put a towel to his face, leaned wearily against the umpire's stand and finally—for the first time in the tournament—smiled.

Laver's triumph was a personal one, but it capped an unprecedented all-Australian sweep of the U.S. tournament. Not only had two Aussies contested the men's finals but, for the first time ever, an Australian girl, Margaret Smith, had won the women's championship. Titian-haired Margaret, 20-year-old daughter of an ice-cream packer, is big-boned, determined, earnest and skilled. Margaret has been ostracized by Australian tennis officials for sassing her elders and refusing to take orders from her team mother. None of the other Aussies were allowed even to practice with her at Forest Hills. But these things seemed to trouble her not at all as she beat twice-champion Darlene Hard 9–7, 6–4 in a finals match notable mostly for bad calls and a weeping spell by Darlene. To finish up, the Australian team of Smith and Fred Stolle won the mixed doubles. There was something for everybody at Forest Hills, all right—but it helped if you happened to be an Australian. **END**

Sunbeam Alpine is one sports car wives say yes to

Tell the missus you want a sports car and here's what she'll think: 1) you've flipped, 2) she'll need three permanents a week, 3) the kids will have to walk, 4) all packages except, perhaps, for toothbrushes, will have to be delivered.

Then show her the Sunbeam Alpine.

She's likely to agree that roll-up windows make the Sunbeam Alpine a pleasure to drive at any time of year. And its snug-fitting soft top or optional hard top will keep weather outside, where it belongs. The occasional rear seat will accommodate children and/or parcels, and there are lockable, extra-wide opening doors and leg room for a lady to sit like a lady on the foam-cushioned seats. Quite a car? Yes, indeed.

For all its comfort, Sunbeam Alpine lifts off to 60 in 12.3 seconds, corners like a cat, blisters a quarter mile in under 19 seconds, makes racing headlines in event after event. 1st at Riverside, Danville, Bridgehampton, 1st in price class at Sebring; 1st at Le Mans for efficiency.

Budget-wise wives like Alpine's low price: $2595, p.o.e.* Get your wife to say yes with your Rootes dealer as a witness.

Going abroad? Ask your Rootes dealer about our oversees delivery plan.

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SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**

Candy gets the fat purse and Manuel gets the boot

The big chestnut colt from California shows he's the best of our 2-year-olds while the little man from Panama is unjustly set down

The richest race ever contested by Thoroughbreds, or any other animals, for that matter—worth a fantastic $357,250—was run off at Arlington Park last week, and it was hardly earth-shattering news, in this year of the foul claim, that the little men were at it once again. Nor was it much of a surprise that the little man in the middle of the postrace muddle was that celebrated organizer of mayhem, Manuel Ycaza, who has spent so much time on the ground that he might easily be mistaken for a member of the Panamanian walking team.

This time Manuel, who got off comparatively lightly for a frivolous claim of foul in the Preakness (SI, May 28), was hit with all the artillery the Illinois Racing Board could drag into the film patrol room: 60 days for another "frivolous claim" and his outright accusation that the three-horse Rex Ellsworth entry had ganged up to see that he and Never Bend would not be first to the wire and to the winner's share of $142,250. The suspension was stiff, but so was Ycaza's accusation.

Ellsworth's entry of Candy Spots, Space Skates and Big Kim was the second choice in the race to Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's Never Bend. Ellsworth and Trainer Mish Tenney knew that all three of them were good, but didn't know how good until they faced Never Bend, the Easterner with the best reputation to date. Space Skates and Big Kim had been nominated originally for the rich Arlington-Washington Futurity (at seven furlongs), but Candy Spots, a rough chestnut, developed slowly in California this year, and Ellsworth decided to leave the colt home on the ranch when he shipped east to Chicago. He changed his mind at the last minute, however, and, once at Arlington, decided to put Willie Shoemaker aboard the big long-quartered youngster. (He is by Nigromante out of the Khaled mare Candy Dish.) Shoe won two races with Candy Spots, and as Futurity time drew near Willie told Ellsworth, "If I had my choice of horses in the big race I'd take Candy Spots." On Shoemaker's opinion, Ellsworth wrote a check for $25,000 and made the chestnut a supplementary nomination.

"The strategy for the race wasn't really complicated at all," said Ellsworth after the Futurity. "Big Kim was to stay with the pace. Space Skates was to take back off the pace. As for Candy Spots, there was only one way to ride him. He's a slow starter, and if he runs at all he'll come from way out of it."

In the race, the Ellsworth team operated just about as they had planned. At the start Jet Traffic and Rash Prince sped to the front. Ycaza and Never Bend were right behind them. Big Kim quickly moved up with Never Bend—nicely locked on the outside of him, as a matter of fact. Space Skates was in the middle of the pack, and Candy Spots, who was last away from the gate, also suffered from being pinched back almost immediately. At this point Shoemaker had 12 horses in front of him.

Moving around the far turn, at just about the three-and-a-half-furlong pole, Ycaza and Never Bend were ready to make their serious challenge for the lead. But Henry Moreno, aboard Big Kim, came over and as they did so they made sure that Ycaza was kept on the rail. There he stayed for a few precious seconds, long enough, in Ycaza's opinion, to persuade him that he was being victimized. In a moment, sure enough, Big Kim fell back and Ycaza took to the outside and went to the front entering the stretch. But the precious lost seconds back there on the rail might have been critical, for now here came Candy Spots, on the outside of everything, eating up ground in magnificent long strides. They were even at the eighth pole and went together a 16th of a mile before Candy Spots gradually drew away to win by half a length.

Ycaza immediately claimed foul against Big Kim, on the grounds that he had no racing room on the turn. After hearing Manuel's complaint the board decided to give him one of racing's severest penalties. "He maintained," said Steward Ted Atkinson, "that the purpose of the entry was to hurt him at the three-and-a-half-furlong pole. Big Kim, he said, came over and hurt him."

"It's absolutely preposterous," said Rex Ellsworth.

Preposterous it may have been, but the penalty, in the light of what the patrol film showed, seems slightly unjustified to me. There is no question that Big Kim moved Never Bend to the rail and kept him there awhile—but was this intentional or was it racing luck, which often plays such an important part in any horse race? My own opinion is that Ycaza was right to claim foul, and if so he cannot be guilty of frivolous action. At the same time, I don't believe Big Kim's crowding cost Never Bend the race. Finally, I don't think Ycaza should have been grounded for 60 days, or one-fifth of a race-riding year.

The hullabaloo over the foul claim took some of the glitter away from the great show put on by track owner Marje Lindheimer Everett (SI, August 20). However, the unmistakable fact emerged that undefeated Candy Spots, who seems to get stronger as the distances increase, is at least one of the best 2-year-olds in the country, if not the best. His opposition at the moment looks spotty. At Atlantic City last week Rambunctious won the World's Playground Stakes, but the day before at Aqueduct the Hopeful winner, Outing Class, turned in a poor show in finishing next to last. There may be some exceptional 2-year-olds lurking in somebody's barn, but for the moment I'd say Candy Spots is the best of the bunch, with Never Bend second—by just about half a length. END

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The only <u>all extra quality</u> Scotch

(it's on the label and in the bottle)

LA PIQUE DAME

Fancy faces for a familiar deck

It used to be that it was only the number of spots on the pasteboards that mattered, but the ladies have now become the principal buyers and users of playing cards, and some strange and exotic things have happened

Women are buying the playing cards these days, and buying them in unprecedented numbers. One of the results, for better or worse, is that after several centuries of peaceful evolution there is now a sort of revolution in the design and decoration of what used to be a very simple piece of pasteboard. Walk into almost any store and you can now purchase the kind of lavish, spectacular, attractive and *different* decks of cards shown at left. The Cavendish Club may recoil in shock and bridge leagues be appalled, but the ladies are showing their hand.

There is a certain amount of historical irony in this, for one of the earliest records of the use of playing cards is found in a Chinese work of about 1120 A.D. It credits Emperor S'eun-Ho of Cathay with inventing cards for the purpose of keeping his concubines amused at times when the Emperor was otherwise occupied.

During most of the centuries intervening, it was men who bought and used cards. Except for an occasional fortune-teller, women rarely played until the 19th century. In all these years the evolution of the playing card was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, and a sure road to business failure was to come up with a bright idea for change. It is only since women took their seats at the card table that a few major innovations have been tried.

On the theory that the Kaiser's unpopularity had doomed monarchy everywhere, World War I era playing cards were introduced with soldiers, nurses and sailors replacing the kings, queens and jacks. They didn't last. Soviet Russia found it far simpler to overthrow the entire Russian ruling class than to remove the royalty from the faces of cards. Every previous attempt to depose the legendary monarchs of the Houses of Spades, Hearts, Diamonds and Clubs has had to buck such long-entrenched habits that sales have been made largely as souvenirs or curios.

Even some good ideas have failed. At least two attempts have been made to change clubs to blue and diamonds to orange, in order to make cards easier to sort and to help prevent mistakes in following suit. Where are they now? Round cards, popular more than 500 years ago, are back on the market again. About 40 years ago, when they were also reintroduced, expert cardplayers admitted they were easy to shuffle, deal, sort and read —and refused to play with them

I confess to being responsible for at least two innovations and one story about cards. I had decks made with the

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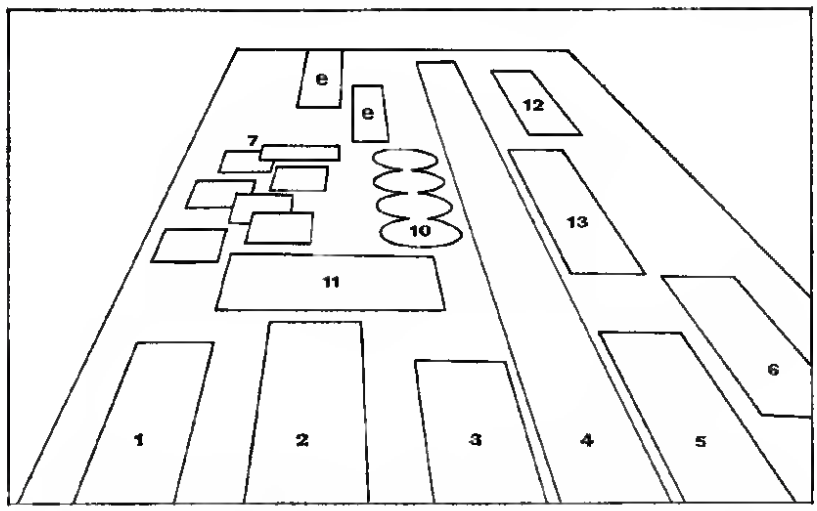

Americans are buying 65 million decks of playing cards a year, in the largest choice of shapes and sizes, patterns and faces ever. There are jumbo cards, 5 by 7 inches, called, naturally, a Texas deck (11, Georg Jensen $4) and miniature cards, 1 3/4 by 2 5/8 inches (9, made in West Germany, Lord & Taylor $1.25). There are round cards (10, "Rondo," made in England, Lord & Taylor $2) and slender cards (like the Mona Lisa and antique autos, 7), a quarter inch narrower than a poker card, and cards with big numbers (4, Bergdorf Goodman $3 a double deck).

A set of American Civil War Centennial cards is made in Spain, with spade and diamond suits representing Union heroes, and hearts and clubs portraying Confederates (3, Lord & Taylor $6 a double deck). France produces a Renaissance-era set of 12,000 numbered copies. The face cards range from Bluebeard and his wives to an allegory of love (5, "Le Florentin," Georg Jensen $15 a double deck). "St. Hubert" (13, made in France, Lord & Taylor $4.50) depicts elegantly attired knights and ladies hunting game. The gods are represented in a set of Spanish cards (12, "The Classic," Bergdorf Goodman $6 a double deck), with Venus a heart and Pluto a spade. An import from Britain shows dreamlike figures in muted colors (8, Bergdorf Goodman $6 a double deck), and Sweden makes a harlequin-backed card, "Comedia," with stylized, dashing, medieval figures (1, Lord & Taylor $5 a double deck). Hallmark manufactures "Confetti" (6, Lord & Taylor $3 a double deck). As curiosities, rather than for actual play, Chicago Playing Card Collectors has put out a "Fact and Fancy" set, limited to 600 copies, which spoofs six centuries of famous cardplayers (2, Marshall Field and Co. $3.50). At bottom is Wild Bill Hickok, lily in hand, after a bullet ended his final game. Above him is "La Pique Dame," Pushkin's Countess Fedorovna, who sold her soul to the devil for the secret of the three winning cards at faro.

Photograph by Richard Jeffery

point value shown under the indices of honor cards, so that bridge players could more easily count the point value of their hands. Nobody but beginners liked this idea, and not many will long admit to being beginners. I also designed cards with big indices, like those used in my TV show. These are now on the market generally and are fine for the nearsighted. They are also, no doubt, popular with those who like to get a look at their opponents' cards. It may be that they will catch on in some circles, especially for exhibitions. But I must report that the experts who use them on the show find them somewhat disconcerting.

My card story concerns the World Bridge Olympiad in Turin, Italy where, with the cooperation of the United States Playing Card Company, I was able to present 1,400 decks with my signature as a back design for use in the tournament. Now, playing-card manufacture in most European countries is a heavily taxed monopoly. So permission to bring the cards into Italy was granted only on condition that every deck be taken out of the country after the tournament.

It was assumed that it would be possible to present an occasional deck to those who wished souvenirs by bringing out of the country a few 50- or 51-card decks. But the Italian government had thought of that, too. It warned that it didn't want to count decks when we left, just aces of spades. Needless to say, all the decks that went into Italy were brought right back out.

High taxes and the monopolies on playing cards abroad are responsible for the invention of plastic cards, which have been on the market here since 1934. In Austria, where the plastic card was invented, the tax was so high that decks were manufactured oversize, with huge margins. When the edges got dirty the decks were trimmed down so that they could still be used. Even at their selling price of $10 per set, the plastic cards could have put quite a dent in the monopoly's business—so the latter quickly bought out the plastics manufacturer and his processes and scrapped the operation. The inventor came to the U.S., where he persuaded Ely Culbertson to put his cards on the market, and they have had some measure of success.

The "invention" that made a patent on the plastic card possible is closely tied to the reason why playing cards are called pasteboards. Nonplastic cards are printed on pasted-together boards, or sheets of paper; otherwise, if you sat with the light behind you your opponent could read your cards through the backs. Originally this problem was solved by pasting a sheet of brown paper between the two outer layers. Later the problem of translucency was resolved by the use of a black paste. The inventor of the plastic card created neither the plastic, nor, of course, the idea of the playing card. He simply created a way to make the plastic opaque.

Opacity is only one of the difficulties in making what superficially appear to be very simple things. Pitfalls are numerous. There was, for example, the printer who thought he could revolutionize the industry. Instead of printing a full deck, or two full decks, on one sheet, as is normally done, he planned to print all of the aces of spades on one sheet, all of the kings of spades on another, etc. Then he would collate 52 sheets, and in one die cut he could get more than 100 decks.

Beating the sharpies

A few hundred years ago this scheme might have worked, since cards were printed on one side only and the backs were left white. Today, with the back design an important part of every card, the printer learned he could manufacture nothing but marked decks. No matter how carefully printed, the separate sheets would have gradations of color that would soon become apparent enough for the sharp player to "read" each card from the back. The problem of uniformity is so important that several years ago the United States Playing Card Company had to recall and destroy 300,000 decks. The back of one of the cards had been found to have a hairline imperfection.

Yet printing is a mild headache compared with the difficulty of cutting and assembling a deck. Since the deck is all on the same sheet, the sheet must be cut into strips and the strips fed through a kind of biscuit cutter that stamps out the individual cards. Simultaneously, the edges of each card must be pressed into a feather edge. This edge, invisible to the eye and scarcely perceptible to the touch, is the reason why the cards can be shuffled without fraying. The nature of the machines that do this work is among the most jealously guarded of trade secrets. There is no secondhand market; when the machines are scrapped, they are smashed with sledgehammers.

Recently one of the country's largest printers of greeting cards decided to bring out a playing card line and encountered two ambushes that prevented more than moderate success. The company imported its cards from West Germany. But the German cards, it found, had slightly different faces from American ones and, as we have said, card players don't relish change. Almost as important, the cards were a fraction of an inch wider than standard American decks. This meant they would not fit into duplicate-bridge boards.

Of all card games, bridge has had the widest effect on the playing card business, and not merely because of the volume of packs bought for that purpose. Bridge caused the width of cards to be changed from 2 1/2 to 2 1/4 inches, in order to facilitate the holding of thirteen cards—especially, one might add, in the smaller hands of women. And it was women who got bored with the conventional geometric designs that had been the bestsellers and still remain so in the gambling houses and the high-stake card clubs. That's why you can buy cards with Mona Lisa smiling from the back, or find yourself staring fixedly at a still life of pink asters as your partner takes you out of a business double.

Important, too, is the effect that bridge and women have had in giving the playing card new respectability. No longer called "the devil's picture book," rarely the object of religious sermons, the deck of playing cards has become part of the entertainment equipment in millions of homes.

Yet the grand old legends and the mystery still persist, relics of a day when cards were solely the implements of the fortune-teller and the gambler. The ace of spades remains the death card; the queen of spades is the dark lady; the four of clubs "the devil's bedposts," because it looks like the top of a fourposter. Finally, there is the nine of diamonds, called "the curse of Scotland," for any of half a dozen fanciful reasons, ranging from the possibility that it derived from the nine lozenges in the coat of arms of the Earl of Stair, loathed in Scotland for his connection with the Massacre of Glencoe, to the highly improbable theory that Cumberland, "the Butcher of Culloden," wrote the orders for that battle on the back of this card.

Now, that's about the only thing the ladies have not thought of putting on the backs of their cards—battle orders for a massacre. **END**

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continued from page 25

Willie Davis is the fastest runner ever to wear a major league uniform. Mays, realizing what Davis was up to, came on smartly. Third Base Coach Leo Durocher stood tall and straight, with arms raised above his head—in the stop-here signal. Before Durocher's grin faded from his face, Davis had passed the coach and crossed home plate well ahead of the ball. So unsettled was Pierce by the sight of a runner simply outrunning a well-thrown ball that he gave up two more runs in the inning.

Certain things are expected of catchers. They must be strong and fearless and patient. It helps if they can hit an occasional long ball. But stealing bases is not one of their prerequisites. Billy Pierce, who has been in both major leagues and well knows what catchers don't do, took a leisurely wind-up, with Dodger Catcher John Roseboro on third base. As Roseboro explained it later, "When I was young I had a pretty good motor. If them pitchers make a mistake, well, shame on them." Roseboro stole home, his second such felony within a week.

Richert, meanwhile, had done his job and held the Giant power hitters in check until the fifth inning. Alston would have liked the young pitcher to go an inning or so more, Perranoski being the only one around to help out. But when Richert lost all rapport with the strike zone Alston had no choice. In came Perranoski.

The Giants came within a run of catching the Dodgers in the last inning, but Perranoski struck out Mays on a full count. Cepeda took two quick strikes, and the Dodger relief pitcher threw a slider. Only it didn't slide. It sailed over the inside corner, surprised Perranoski, surprised Cepeda and delighted 51,500 Dodger fans.

Now the series was even, but in the third game the Dodgers had to face Juan Marichal, who throws a slider, fast ball, curve, screwball, changeup and one pitch he has no name for. The Dodger batters were completely impartial in the matter. They didn't hit any of them very well.

Dodger starter Johnny Podres pitched well, too, but a nerve-racking second inning (he loaded the bases with no outs and retired the side without a score) "took too much out of me," he said afterward. Willie Mays, who does not have a reputation for pampering tired Dodgers, doubled twice and singled once to drive in two runs. "I threw him good pitches, too," said Podres with a shrug. "But you pay a guy $90,000 and he's supposed to hit good pitches."

Now the Giants had only to beat Don Drysdale in the last game to win the series. Beating Drysdale, however, is a thing few pitchers have been able to do this year. The big right-hander is paid $35,000 annually to make sure vital games go into the books as Dodger wins. Twenty-three times this season he has imposed this condition on opponents.

But it was Giant Pitcher Billy O'Dell who looked like $35,000 for the first three innings. He allowed no Dodger to reach first base. Drysdale, meanwhile, was throwing a most uncharacteristic pitch—a ball wide of the strike zone. Reacting promptly to the situation was Willie McCovey, inserted into the lineup simply because he loves to hit against Drysdale. McCovey, a good hitter against any kind of pitching, is unbelievable against this Dodger. Fast balls, curves—the big outfielder handles them with fine impartiality. He singled in one run, doubled and scored another, and after three innings the Giants were four runs up on their hated rivals.

GIANTS' SANFORD WON THE KEY GAME

But Willie Davis, a troublemaker if ever there was one, singled in the fourth and, naturally, made second on the hit. When Right Fielder Felipe Alou's throw bounced off Davis' head and into short center field, Willie was off and running again. Durocher was most relieved to see Davis finally stop at third.

Just as Pierce had become undone by the running of Davis, so did O'Dell. Tommy Davis, who doesn't run like the other Davis but who hits better than anyone else in the league, singled, and Frank Howard made the game all even with a long home run hit into the left-field bleachers.

Playful Don Drysdale, feeling very much better with the game tied, had great sport with the Willies—Mays and McCovey. His lighthearted fast ball sent first one, then the other sprawling to the ground. When O'Dell, a playful fellow himself when the occasion demands, brushed Drysdale back in the next inning, the umpires, led by Al Barlick, marched in a group to the mound. Then they did a right flank and marched over to the Giant dugout. "Come out," Barlick ordered Dark. "I won't," said Dark. "Come out or you're outa the game," said Barlick.

So Dark came out, and after words were exchanged the Giants went back to work, took the lead, and then the Dodgers tied it.

The ninth inning, probably not a classic one in the art of baseball, certainly must go down as one of the most dramatic. The Giants loaded the bases, with no outs. Two outs later, the Giants still were without a run, thanks to Perranoski. Then the fine relief pitcher walked Cepeda on a 3–2 pitch. A run for the Giants. Harvey Kuenn, a big man who specializes in singles, lined a two-strike pitch through the drawn-in outfield and the Giants were home with a four-run lead.

Incredibly, the Dodgers loaded the bases in their half of the last inning. Tommy Davis nearly tied it up again with a long drive to left that looked like a home run. Kuenn, however, calmly took the drive against the boards. Then Frank Howard hit one out of the park, foul, before popping up.

"We've got it. We've got it," Manager Al Dark said in the Giant dressing room. "You've got it?" asked a reporter. "The pennant?"

"No, no, no. Here," said Dark, pointing to his stomach. While most of the Giant players were having a gay old time in the dressing room, Ed Bailey sat quietly in front of his locker, quacking on his duck call. **END**

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throw punches or I might retreat if I'm getting the worst of it. If I'm going back and getting the worst of it I may come in. I don't know.

I'm not a gambling fighter. I'm a cautious fighter because I want to win, but my mind goes from one extreme to the other. Some rounds I might gamble, depending upon what I see and feel. Some I may not.

Then there's the question of a heavy puncher like Sonny needing punching room. If you stay away you may give him that room, but it does not necessarily mean he's going to land the punches. If you stay in close he can lean that weight on you but I'm going into the fight hoping my body attack could be more severe than his. Liston has never had to withstand a real body attack. It could take away some of his eagerness.

What I'm trying to say is that I'll fight the best way I know how. It will be a cautious fight, but it will be a positive fight. Maybe I'll let Liston set the style. I can adjust to his. I've had enough championship fights to be able to train for any style, but naturally there's one big thing you have in mind because you train for every opponent differently.

When I trained for Moore I worked specifically on my defense. I kept my hands high. I learned to bob and weave and move from side to side. I worked for speed, using very fast sparring partners, some of them middleweights.

Preparing for my first defense against Hurricane Jackson, I worked on stamina because Jackson had limitless stamina. For Pete Rademacher, the amateur who knocked me down, I worked on my accounts. I got $250,000 to fight him, but I had no respect for him. I left myself open for a punch. I was mentally lazy because I thought it was merely a matter of time before I would take him, because he was an amateur. He'd never before fought more than three rounds in any fight.

When I went into training to fight Roy Harris, I had laid off for so long that I had to concentrate on just learning how to fight again. Everything was off for that fight. I had no reflexes. My legs were running into each other and I was stepping on my own toes. People who saw the fight say he knocked me down. That's contributed to my reputation as a "china chin." Harris didn't knock me down. I was off-balance and tripped just as he threw a punch.

My next fight was against Brian London, but I was looking ahead to the one with Ingemar. I trained for condition and speed, but it was more a matter of sharpening myself up for Johansson. In the beginning of my training I concentrated on keeping away from Ingemar's right hand. But as time went on and reporters wrote that Johansson never threw the right in his sparring sessions at Grossinger's, I allowed myself to be taken in. I decided before the fight that he had no right hand because if you've got one you throw it even in training. In the first and second rounds of the actual fight he threw a right a couple of times, but it seemed sloppy. I saw it before he started it. I stopped looking for it. The next thing you know I didn't see it at all when I caught it right on the face.

For our return bout, therefore, I concentrated on keeping away from the right hand, or, at least, nullifying it by out-jabbing him. We figured if I kept him busy getting out of the way of my jab, he wouldn't be able to throw his right hand. That's the way it worked out.

Johansson's surprise move

For the third fight with Ingemar I trained at Miami Beach and couldn't concentrate on anything. I was too busy with other things and paid the price for it when Ingemar came out with a rush and knocked me down. He surprised me. After two fights I thought I knew him. After having been knocked out by me, I didn't anticipate he would come at me winging.

For McNeeley I went back to training in seclusion. I wanted no distractions because by then I was looking ahead to Liston. Concentration is so important when you're training for an opponent who can give you a hard time, and for Sonny I determined I would be in the best condition of my life. That's what I will be when I come into the ring. I will have trained for almost eight months. I have trained harder, been more alone for intensive concentration, rested more and eaten more sensibly than at any time. The fight could be a bloody one—a toe-to-toe thing—and I've worked for stamina.

When I was at my camp in Highland Mills, N.Y. last month, before moving to Elgin, Ill., nearer to the fight site, I would climb the foothills of the Catskills over the mountain to Newburgh, N.Y. regularly. I don't know how many miles it is, but it took 3½ hours to make it one way and then I'd turn around and come back the other.

That was for strengthening my legs. I chopped trees to strengthen my arms and my back and boxed to sharpen my reflexes and worked on my jab. The doctors told me that I should eat liver and fish, which I hate, but they said it builds you up and so I ate it three times a week. I ate more fresh fruit than ever before. I did those neck exercises Johnson suggested and had my trainers pound my middle with the heavy medicine ball harder than they thought they should. If that gave me pains in the stomach early in my training, it was better having them then than when Liston tries to bomb me. It's better than having butterflies in your stomach going into a fight you think you could lose. This way you don't think it.

As I've said, I've had nothing on my mind for a year except Liston during my waking hours. I might add that during my sleeping ones a few weeks ago I had a dream about him, too. I guess it's because the fight is getting closer now and there's no way, really, to push it out of my mind.

In the dream Liston and I were in the center of the ring, which seemed to be pitched right in the middle of the Seattle World's Fair. I knew it was Seattle because I recognized some of the tall modern buildings I've seen on TV. Anyway, the dream started in the sixth round of the fight and I said to myself that I must be doing all right because Liston's been saying he'll knock me out within five.

The canvas was all full of blood. I kept looking down at it because I was stepping in puddles of blood and I didn't want to. I didn't know whose blood it was, Liston's or mine. I woke up without ever finding out, but it doesn't really matter to me because before you're the champion you'll give everything to become it and when you are the champion you give even more to stay it.

This is the only thing I take for granted in a fight. If I fight the way I intend to, Liston will have to respect me in order to defend himself. If I fight poorly I won't even respect myself. I don't underestimate myself, but I don't like anybody else to do it either. That makes me feel terrible, but it builds up my desire to prove that if you don't appreciate what it means to be the champion, don't depreciate it either. **END**

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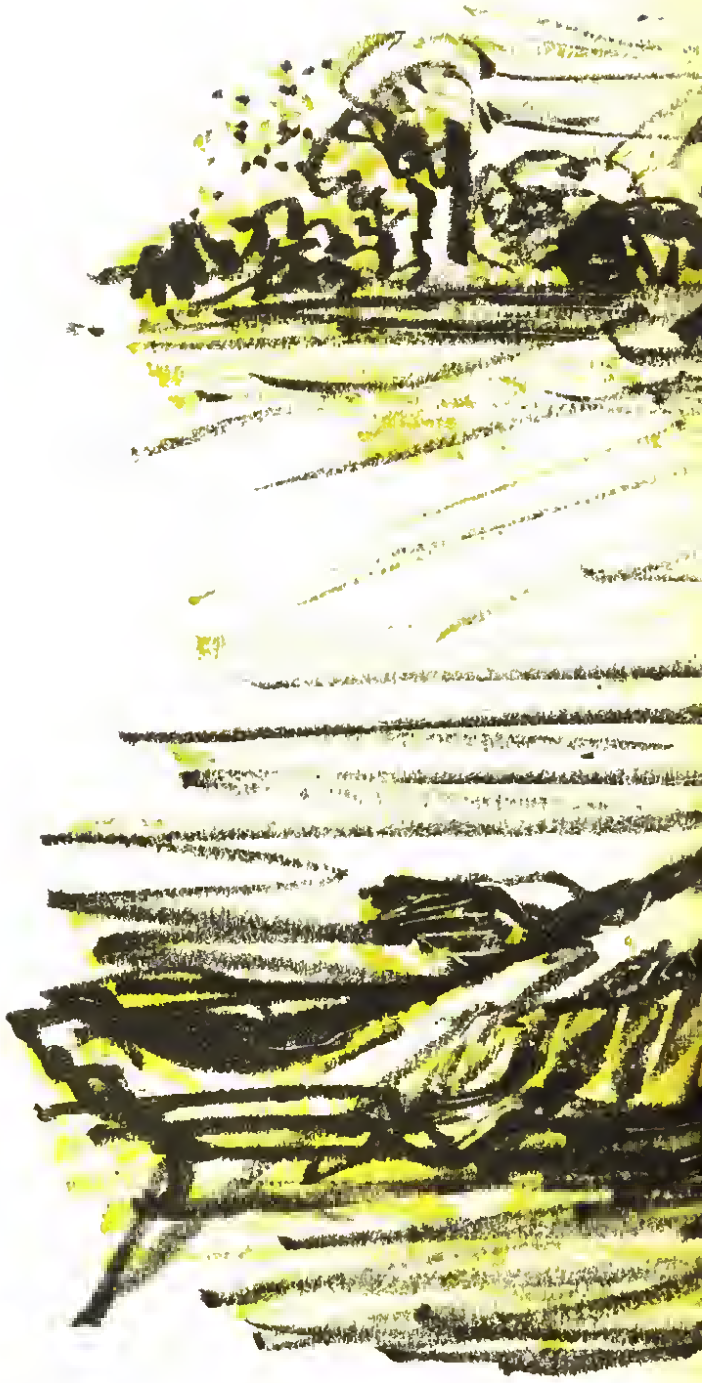
A Columbia River legend says the way to land a sturgeon is to hitch him to a horse and drag him to the nearest pasture.



By Joe David Brown

Once the plentiful source of the world's finest caviar, our native sturgeon today is being rediscovered by sport fishermen in all its incredible size, odd habits of feeding and remarkable fighting heart

The Monster Fish of American Rivers

Illustrations by Irwin Rosenhouse

If you know a fisherman who needs deflating—and who doesn't?—ask him to name the biggest freshwater fish found in North America. After he hems and haws and finally declares it to be anything from an alligator gar to a yellow catfish, quietly hand him the picture of the ugly, cantankerous, armor-plated brute being dragged across the middle of these pages. If he is a weekend fisherman there is only a fair chance that he will recognize it as a sturgeon. Even if he is blessed enough to have an intimate knowledge of one or another of the white-water rivers of the Pacific Northwest, odds are that he will not correctly identify the scientific rendering on page 68 as a white sturgeon, or, to be precise, as an Acipenser transmontanus (sturgeon beyond the mountain).

The fact that a vast majority of our 20 million freshwater fishermen are totally ignorant about a fish that attains a weight of more than 1,000 pounds and reaches a length of 12 feet seems incredible. And so it is. But the white sturgeon is an incredible fish—and a mysterious one. In fact, even ichthyologists don't know much about its growth, range

continued

and habits, as Yale's Edward C. Migdalski points out in his recently published and excellent *Angler's Guide to the Fresh Water Sport Fishes of North America* (Ronald Press). It is hard to tell where fact leaves off and fable begins when sturgeon stories are told.

Mostly because of its great size, but also because of a number of other peculiar characteristics, the white sturgeon just naturally seems to generate disbelief and start arguments. In Idaho, where the sturgeon is growing in popularity among sport fishermen, the fish and game department receives more requests for verifications of its size, weight and age to settle bets than it does for all other fishes combined. Even when a man hooks a sturgeon and with his own eyes sees it burst to the surface like an enraged leviathan, his strongest emotion usually is alarmed disbelief. As Ivan Donaldson, famed biologist at Bonneville Dam, said, "They grow very big, and so do the legends. That's only natural, I guess. To anyone seeing it for the first time, it must seem to be a prehistoric monster."

There is some excuse for this reaction, because in a sense the white sturgeon really is a prehistoric monster. It is the largest of six, and some ichthyologists claim seven, species of sturgeon found in U.S. waters, and all sturgeons are what Sunday-supplement writers like to call living fossils—that is, their form basically is unchanged from that of their ancestors in prehistoric times. Sturgeons date back more than 60 million years—which means that they were swimming the seas at a time when the continents of Europe and North America were still emerging.

Of all the sturgeon's primitive characteristics, perhaps the one that intrigues laymen most is that its skeleton is mostly cartilage instead of bone. The sturgeon does not even have a backbone, but running through its body instead is a whitish, flexible tube. This tough, tubular structure is called a notochord, and after it is cleaned and dried and chopped into lengths it can be stored and reputedly makes an excellent soup or chowder, though it is difficult to find anyone who has been curious or hungry enough to test the recipe.

In the beginning, sturgeons were heavily armored, and they still retain bony plates on their heads that extend down along their bodies in a number of longitudinal rows of hard bumps and buttons. Sturgeons also have a protrusible, suckerlike mouth and the peculiar but graceful type of high, slender tail, called heterocercal, found only in primitive fishes.

The sturgeon looks tough and is tough. It can live out of water for long periods, is practically immune to blows about the head and, when molested by man, seems to be seized more by slow rage than panic. There is, for example, the experience (or is it legend?) of the farmhand whose favorite fishing pond was always flooded by the Columbia River's annual freshet. One damp morning after the floodwaters had receded, he hurried to the pond to get first crack at any fish that had been left behind. He rowed to the middle of the pond in a skiff and was just baiting up when a monstrous fish swam by placidly, its exposed back creating a bow wave like a small submarine. Although he had no idea what it was, the farmhand bravely gave chase. Around and around the pond they went, the big fish obviously looking for an exit.

Finally the farmer maneuvered the fish into the shallow end of the pond, and though appalled by its size and violent thrashings, courageously went after it with his oar. After much hammering and splashing the ugly creature eventually seemed nicely dead. The farmhand tied it to the skiff with a stout rope and hitched the skiff to a clump of shore willows. Then he dashed off to find help and a horse. He returned with both, only to find the monster gone, the willows torn out by the roots and being towed around the pond along with the skiff. Another boat was brought to the pond, and the chase started all over again. This time the sturgeon really was hammered to death. A rope was tied around its tail, and the horse dragged it to a nearby pasture.

There are varying reports about the exact size of this sturgeon, but no dispute at all that it was at least 12 feet long and weighed more than 1,100 pounds. It was a big fish, and while the average fisherman's chances of tangling with one like it are remote, as sturgeons go it was not particularly remarkable.

Just how big sturgeons *do* grow is still a riddle. For years scientists have been trying to run down a report that a sturgeon weighing more than 2,000 pounds was stuffed and exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and, while many of them are inclined to believe the report, there is no proof to substantiate it. There are two claims for 1,500-pound sturgeon on record—one reputedly taken from the Weiser River in 1898, and the other from the Snake River in 1911. The Snake River fish was weighed on livery-stable scales and later photographed. After studying these photographs some experts have been satisfied that the fish did weigh 1,500 pounds, and others have doubted it. Most experts agree that the biggest certifiable sturgeon, and thus the biggest known fish taken in America's freshwaters, was a 12½-foot, 1,285-pound cow sturgeon that went blundering into a salmon gill net in the Columbia in the spring of 1912. However, some scientists—including Ivan Donaldson—feel certain that larger fish have been caught. The largest sturgeon taken in recent years was an 11½-foot 900-pounder that was hauled from the Columbia near Dalles, Ore. in 1951 by a Yakima Indian. But scarcely a year passes without several wild-eyed, shaken fishermen claiming that they hooked into sturgeon that were much bigger. Some of them may be right.

The white sturgeon is by no means a rare fish. Its numbers have dwindled since the days, some 80 to 90 years ago, when it swarmed up rivers of the far Northwest almost as thickly as buffalo roamed the plains, but it still can be found offshore as well as in most of the principal streams

continued

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along the Pacific coast, from midway up the California coast north to Alaska. If it is scarce in some regions, it is fairly common, if perhaps never exactly plentiful, in others. During its spawning season, which extends through spring and early summer, sizable numbers of sturgeon, fairly bursting with roe and passion, ascend the Sacramento, Columbia and Fraser rivers. In streams where the big fish are landlocked by dams, particularly the Snake and Salmon rivers, they crowd together ardently in fairly large numbers in certain deep holes along the main current.

Even so, booking into a white sturgeon is seldom easy. It calls for perseverance, patience and, above all, considerable savvy, not only about the sturgeon's habits but also about the usually turbulent and sometimes almost inaccessible waters in which it lives. But if a fisherman goes to the right place at the right time of year his chances of hooking one of the behemoths are every bit as good as his chances of catching a truly big chinook or steelhead, and probably better than his chances of catching any one of a whole variety of such highly prized saltwater fish as the marlin or swordfish.

Largest of seven U.S. species, the white sturgeon grows slowly, has reached 12 feet in length and more than 1,000 pounds. Bony armor plate protects its head and extends in rows of bumps and buttons along its sides.

The real reason so few sturgeon are hooked is simply that so few fishermen go after them. Until a dozen or so years ago it never even occurred to most fishermen to try to land the monsters with rod and reel. Why this is so is just another mystery. The most common theory is that ordinary fishermen disdained the sturgeon because they regarded it as a strictly commercial fish. There is some truth in this, since even in modern times the sturgeon has had a reputation as a fine food fish. Many gourmets, in fact, rate it as the finest fish of all, not only for its flesh, which is considered a delicacy whether smoked, pickled, or cooked in any conceivable way, but more especially for its roe, which can be processed into expensive caviar.

It is almost forgotten now, but back in the days before dams and pollution interfered with their migratory habits and commercial fishermen slaughtered them close to extinction, the white sturgeon and two smaller cousins, the lake and Atlantic sturgeons, were for years among the most important money fish found in U.S. waters. Only eight years after the Pilgrims landed, a factory on the Kennebec River in Maine was supplying the European market with smoked Atlantic sturgeon, and up until the 1880s so many of the big fish were being taken out of the Hudson River and processed at plants near Albany that housewives of the era called sturgeon Albany beef. By the turn of the century sturgeon fisheries were flourishing along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards and all through the Great Lakes region, and in 1892 close to 5½ million pounds of white sturgeon were slaughtered in the Columbia River alone.

Everything considered, the white sturgeon probably was the most profitable single fish ever taken from domestic waters, before or since. The lake sturgeon brought a slightly higher price, but the white sturgeon compensated for the difference with its immense size and, more important, with its enormous yield of roe. A single white sturgeon cow, eight feet long or better, often gave up 250 pounds of large, top-grade eggs, which by a relatively simple process (*see page 74*) could be converted into caviar worth about $750 wholesale and $2,000 or more retail.

Since caviar is practically synonymous with Russia nowadays—an error to begin with, since much of it is produced in Iran—even connoisseurs are mostly unaware that from 1869 to 1900 the U.S. was one of the world's greatest suppliers of the delicacy. In those days firms in such places as Vienna, London, Hamburg, Paris, Stockholm and Amsterdam sent out representatives each spring to buy choice American caviar, and all over Europe epicures argued the merits of such exotic varieties as North Atlantic, South Atlantic and Sacramento River as earnestly as today they argue over Beluga, Ocetrina and Sevruga.

Although it never was considered cheap, caviar was more widely eaten in the U.S. during that period. Most large grocery stores stocked fresh caviar as a matter of course, and any first-class saloon always had a bowlful on its free lunch counter. Sturgeon were being slaughtered so recklessly by the mid-1880s that conservationists and a few farsighted caviar merchants realized that unless the fish were protected by law they would soon be depleted. But no one paid much attention to these warnings, and when bills regulating sturgeon fishing were introduced in some state legislatures, they were killed by fishery operators who howled that their livelihood was threatened. By 1900 commercial fishing for sturgeon had become practically non-

continued

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Both Mr. Gordon's clock and his gin have stood the test of time, you might say, for 193 years. In 1769, this unadorned style of clock was called "Act of Parliament", a dig at the special government tax on fancier styles. The gin has been called distinctively dry and flavoursome by generations of gin-buffs. It gets that way because every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original formula, which probably accounts for the fact that Gordon's is the biggest-selling gin in England, America, the world.

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existent in U.S. waters, and though some fisheries sent out expeditions to scout the coasts of Alaska, South America and Africa, no sizable supply of the fish was discovered.

The rich and flourishing sturgeon and caviar industry in this country came to a shuddering halt and, largely because of foreign caviar dealers, who supplied both the capital and merchandising experience, Russia's small and primitive sturgeon fisheries were expanded to take over the market. Russian caviar did not reach the American market in any appreciable quantities until 1902, and for many years both dealers and consumers considered it generally inferior to the domestic product. When Lake Erie fishermen were lucky enough to take an occasional cow sturgeon, its roe brought $5 a pound from New York dealers, who were paying only $3 a pound for Russian Beluga.

As so often is the case, after sturgeon had almost vanished, most state legislatures righteously began to padlock the empty cannery. Some states passed laws to protect young fish, others set limits to protect breeders; some outlawed nets but allowed set lines, and a few prohibited commercial fishing altogether. As belated as these efforts were, some experts believe that, if nothing else had changed, these laws eventually would have saved the sturgeon. It is a fact that in areas where they had been butchered almost to extinction they began to make a comeback. But, unfortunately, the sturgeon reached the bottom of its decline at a time when U.S. industry was beginning its 20th century climb. Over the next few years dams halted its migration up rivers where it spawned, and industrial plants spewed poisonous waste into lakes, bays and inlets where the sturgeon gathered to feed on lampreys and mollusks. The sturgeon was doomed as a major commercial fish. If it had not been tough and adaptable, it probably would have disappeared completely. After a decade or two the fish was almost forgotten. Then, because of Russia's intense promotion of caviar, it became associated in the public mind with that country.

Since the great white sturgeon ranges waters that were not harnessed by dams until comparatively recently and are relatively unpolluted even now, it fared considerably better than its cousins on the East Coast and in the Great Lakes. Even so, it was slaughtered almost to the vanishing point in the California area, not once but twice, and by 1899 the catch in the Columbia River was down to 73,000 pounds and commercial fishermen lost interest.

But gigantic specimens still come up the Columbia and its tributaries and, reports to the contrary, old records, photographs and folk songs prove that sturgeon were never ignored by ordinary fishermen. In fact, backwoods meat fishermen caught most of the whoppers taken after 1900. Some of these fishermen undoubtedly hoped to make a little money on the side, but primarily they pursued the fish as a sport. Some used set lines that had up to 20 large hooks attached, but the classic method was to use a single line of stout rope or wire with one enormous hook. One end of the line was snubbed around a tree, the hook was baited with chicken or jackrabbit intestines and dropped into a deep hole in the river. When the line was found taut, it was hitched to a horse and the sturgeon was dragged ashore. In areas where sturgeon are found there is still a feeling among local fishermen that the only equipment worth using to catch one is a strong manila rope. They are tolerant of tourist fishermen who want to waste time and effort in trying to land one of the beasts with rod and reel, but they would no more think of going after a sturgeon with the equipment they use for salmon and trout than they would of hunting mule deer with a BB gun. The vast majority of Idaho or Oregon fishermen never set out with deliberate intent to hook a sturgeon, though the number who have hooked one accidentally is large enough. Finding someone who has actually landed a sturgeon is something else again.

Until they find themselves deep in a western canyon struggling with a creature that acts like a cross between a crazed bull and a blistered wild hog, most fishermen simply will not believe how difficult it is to land a white sturgeon that weighs 200 pounds or better. It requires skill, of course, but even when a fisherman possesses this, the outcome usually is determined to a considerable degree by luck. One obvious reason is that sturgeon often have to be fought in fast-water gorges where fishermen have little maneuverability, usually only a few yards of rocky shore or the side of a boat that is anchored at both ends to hold it in the fast current. Another reason is that when a sturgeon is hooked, unlike most other big fish it does not make a run of a couple of hundred yards or so and then halt and try to wrestle free or throw the hook. When a sturgeon discovers it is hooked it begins to run—and keeps on running. Usually it boils to the surface first, and sometimes it throws itself clear of the water a few times in broadside lunges or makes a couple of short runs back and forth with its back exposed, but after it realizes that something actually has the audacity to try to hold it, it gets its bearings, and one can almost sense an outraged snort as it moves out. How far an eight- or nine-foot sturgeon can go before it runs out of steam has never been determined. The poor fisherman who hooks one of the monsters from a bank will never know. All he can do is turn his drag down as far as he dares and then run panting along the shore, stumbling over boulders, barking his shins open, while his line runs out steadily and climbs higher and higher out of the water until, finally, the long-forgotten knot on his reel spool comes into view and then snaps with a melodic ping. "It's exactly like having a taxi pull away from you on a cold rainy night after you've chased it a couple of blocks," said one morose fisherman. "All you can do is stand there and watch it disappear and feel mad and helpless and sorry for yourself."

The sturgeon fisherman in a boat is somewhat better off, particularly if he has had the foresight to hitch his anchors to buoys that can be thrown overboard and thus

continued

will leave him free to chase the runaway fish. Sometimes, if he is lucky, he corners the sturgeon in a deep pool surrounded by shallows; sometimes the sturgeon may go thrashing into the shallows or run aground on a bar. But the whipping head of even a six-foot sturgeon can chop through a 50-pound-test nylon line as if it were butcher's string. There is no recorded case of a boat fisherman ever actually horsing a truly big sturgeon to a standstill, or making it turn, though quite a number of fishermen have chased sturgeon for two or three miles before their lines broke or ran off the reel.

No one knows the name of the first fisherman who was bold enough to try to catch a sturgeon with rod and reel but, as the Idaho Fish and Game Department has pointed out, most of the first anglers were really making tentative casts because "a really big sturgeon was considered something to think about—but not to tie onto." A "really big" sturgeon nowadays is one that weighs 200 pounds or more, though nobody doubts that, as sturgeon still go, a 200-pounder is just a middling fish. After the Bonneville Dam across the Columbia was completed in 1937, it was generally conceded that truly huge sturgeon would never be seen in the rivers again, but then the Yakima Indian caught his 900-pounder in 1951 and proved this false, and since then so many fishermen have claimed to have hooked fish as big or bigger that nobody can separate fact from fancy. Since scientists have established that the sturgeon can live in almost any environment—from the salty ocean to clear mountain lakes, and in temperatures ranging from freezing to 74°—some of them believe a proper search might disclose it lurking in practically all the streams and lakes scattered throughout the West that are fed by Pacific Coast waters. Experts are particularly bemused by the claim of a Montana fisherman that he caught a sturgeon just a few inches shy of eight feet and weighing 275 pounds while fishing in Flathead Lake, which is on a Columbia tributary about 700 miles from Bonneville. Scientists won't authenticate this catch because they didn't have a chance to examine it, but they agree that undoubtedly it was a sturgeon that swam upstream years ago and became trapped. Some of them have even speculated that the legendary monsters that fishermen claim to have sighted in such an uncommonly large number of western lakes are also trapped sturgeon. The fact that in some instances two or three successive generations of fishermen supposedly have been confounded or scared half to death when these local Loch Ness monsters have come wallowing to the surface only helps confirm the theory.

Hooked on a set line, a sturgeon will often plunge to rub his nose on the river bottom.

Although the Columbia has long been famed for its sturgeon, most of the big fish taken on rod and reel have come from the Snake River between the point where it ends as a boundary between Oregon and Idaho and follows a deep course through rolling greasewood-covered ranchlands to the little Idaho town of Glenns Ferry. Why the biggest sturgeon congregate along this stretch of river is unknown. They are more numerous farther upstream, particularly in the white-water Hell's Canyon area, and there are other sections of the river just as deep where food is as plentiful. Nevertheless, for as long as anyone can remember, the largest sturgeon have been found in this area, both in and out of the spawning season, and though they are scarce by comparison with the old days, Glenns Ferry still proudly proclaims itself Home of the Sturgeon.

Fishing for sturgeon with rod and reel started in this area on a small scale in the years immediately after World War II when some unknown hero managed to land a 200-pounder. Within a few days a Glenns Ferry citizen caught a 202-pounder near the same spot. A third fish of 218 pounds was taken, and interest increased. Among these early anglers was a Boise resident named Glen Howard, who became so adroit that over a three-year period he caught 33 sturgeon and, on the day before Easter in 1953, with a whole troop of boy scouts as witnesses, he hooked into a 394-pounder and after an hour and 45 minutes brought it to gaff. This record for hook and line still stands, though another Idaho fisherman, Harmon Kimball, came close in 1956 by catching a 375-pounder. In the same year a storekeeper named Willard Cravens accomplished what most sturgeon fishermen considered the impossible by landing a 360-pound fish on spinning tackle. It was the biggest freshwater fish ever taken on spinning equipment, and it is a record that most people expect will go unbroken for a long time. There is also some surprise that the 394-pound record for a sturgeon caught on rod and reel has endured so long. Bigger fish are hooked every year.

Before fishermen go dashing off to break this record, however, there are a couple of points they would do well to keep in mind. The first is that, except for truly dedicated anglers, sturgeon fishing at its best usually is long hours

continued

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of boredom punctuated by brief minutes of futile excitement. The sturgeon is a bottom feeder, and when it gets hungry and lowers its fleshy mouth like a vacuum cleaner and begins to scour the river bottom it will pick up almost anything: mollusks, frogs, crayfish, dead fish, dead cats and even onions and potatoes. There is no way a fisherman can lure a sturgeon or hasten its hunger pangs. All he can do is cast his bait in a likely spot, find a place on the riverbank that is not too hostile to his backside—and wait. Sometimes it requires quite a lot of waiting.

Luckily, the sturgeon lives in a part of the country renowned for its scenic beauty, and for some fishermen just the sight of such vast expanses of untrampled land hemmed by snowcapped mountain ranges is worth the time spent. For fishermen who go after sturgeon in the heavy waters far up Hell's Canyon there is, besides even more spectacular scenery, the thrill of riding some of the roughest rapids on the North American continent. But for fishermen who demand fast action, sturgeon fishing often seems to be meat fishing at its dullest. The second, and by far more important, fact for tyro sturgeon fishermen to remember is that the success or failure of the trip depends on the guide they use. Sturgeon fishing is a specialized sport, and just because a guide is licensed and equipped to take out fishing and hunting parties is no guarantee that he knows where sturgeon are or how to catch them. Fishermen have traveled 2,000 or 3,000 miles, spent a week fishing steadily and have returned home empty-handed and considerably poorer simply because they used a guide who had never caught a sturgeon and, like any ordinary novice, relied on secondband information about how and where to find them. Many guides are not being deliberately dishonest when they profess to be qualified. Until tbey go after sturgeon a few times tbemselves they simply don't realize it requires as much special knowledge as bonefishing or tarpon fishing.

Sturgeon have been caught in the dead of winter as well as in tbe hottest months of the summer, but May seems to be the month in whicb tbey are most active. Their spawning season is well under way

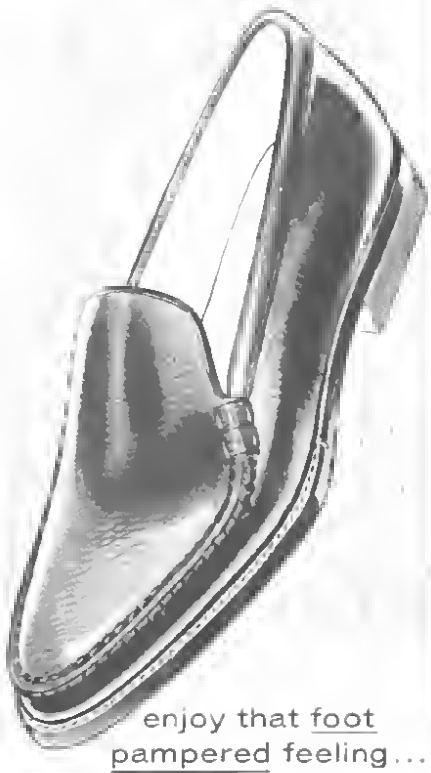
DO-IT-YOURSELF CAVIAR

It is a shame as well as a waste that sturgeon fishermen do not make their own caviar. Most of the larger fisb are fairly bursting with roe, and the recipe is not particularly difficult. In whipping up a batch of homemade caviar, it is necessary to remove the roe from a sturgeon as soon as it is killed. Do not wash the roe, because that softens the eggs, but place it in a wire sieve with openings large enough for the eggs to drop through, and gently rub it back and forth until the eggs separate from the fat and connective tissue. Care must be taken not to crush or bruise the individual eggs. At this point the eggs can be delicately washed with cool water. After the eggs have drained gently, blend in salt in proportions of 7 to 10 pounds of salt to 100 pounds of eggs Mix thoroughly, still taking care not to crush or bruise the eggs, and in 10 to 15 minutes a froth will form on top of the mixture. Skim this off, spread the eggs on a screen, put in a cool place and let them drain for 10 to 12 hours.

Caviar can be stored in small oaken kegs that have been scoured, dried thoroughly and allowed to cool. It can be eaten within a few hours after preparation, but its taste is improved if it is allowed to age for at least a month. Some people store it for three months. Caviar should be kept in a cool but not too highly refrigerated place. The best temperature is between 28° and 32°.

One final hint: never mix together roe taken from different sturgeons; eggs vary in size and taste.

Fresh sturgeon can be cooked in as many ways as other fish, but most Westerners prefer it fried. Smoked sturgeon is, of course, a delicacy and can be found in specialty food shops. The Russians have another simple preparation that they call *balyk*. It tastes a great deal like smoked salmon and is made by putting pieces of sturgeon in a tub, being careful that they do not touch, and then covering them with a thick layer of salt. A light sprinkling of saltpeter is added to give the fish a reddish color. After nine to 12 days the meat is removed and soaked in fresh water until all traces of salt disappear. It is then placed in the sun until completely dry and moved to an airy, sbady spot until it begins to develop a slight mold, which shows it is cured. This last process takes a month to six weeks to complete.



then, and in a few regions—around Pittsburg Landing downriver from Hell's Canyon, for one—fish of 100 pounds or better often are profuse. Over a period of a week a party of four caught more than two dozen fish in the area a couple of years ago. Many were under three feet, but four were over six feet, and no count was kept of the great number that were hooked and got away. This party was guided by Don Smith, a well-known Salmon River guide and boatman. Smith also took Yale's Migdalski on a memorable trip to the same region. Migdalski, who is almost as famed an angler as he is an ichthyologist, hoped to obtain a sturgeon for a museum exhibit. He was not particularly impressed by claims made for it as a fighting fish. But literally within a minute or two after he had dropped a line in the river he revised his opinion. He felt a heavy pull, and when he jerked his rod upward a nine- or 10-foot sturgeon came boiling to the surface. He managed to hold the fish while it dashed back and forth and even while it submerged to rub its nose on the river bottom. But then the fish headed downstream like an express train, Migdalski's line ran out and broke melodiously, and he was left standing there, shins bloodied from rock-hoooing. After that Migdalski and a

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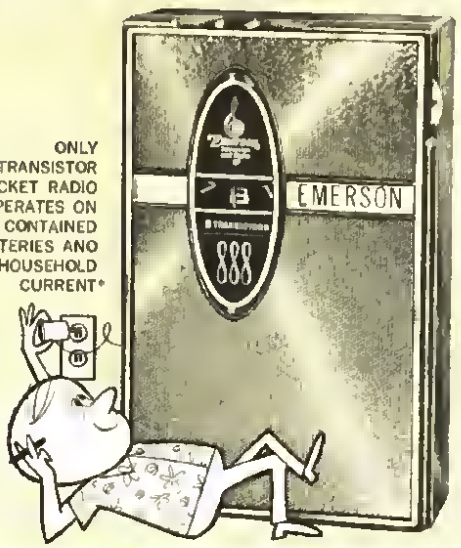

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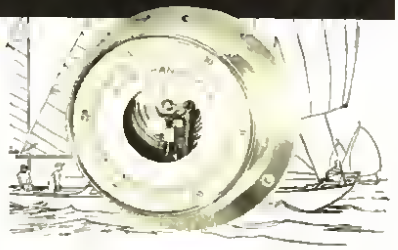

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Sturgeon will take almost any bait, but Don Smith and other experienced guides prefer to use fresh smelt. A single smelt is just the right size for a 9/0 hook, and sturgeon seem to be attracted to smelts because of their strong odor. After a smelt is threaded on the hook it is tied securely with bright-colored fluorescent yarn, partly in the hope that it will catch the eye of a sturgeon but also to prevent it from being torn off by the fast-flowing water. The terminal tackle used to deliver this tidbit is considered particularly important. Ideally, the line, preferably monofilament-type nylon of at least 50-pound

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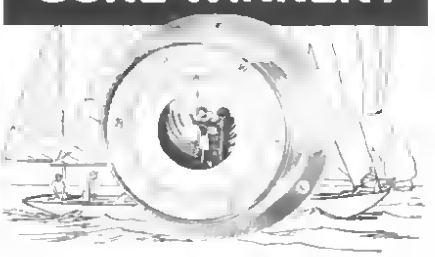

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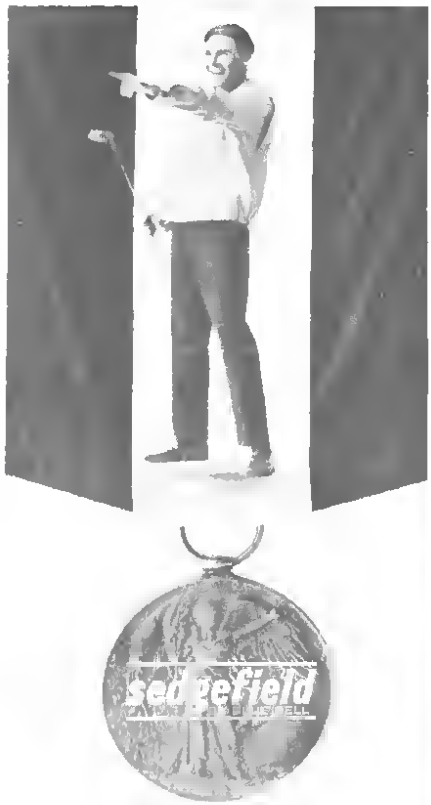

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test, is attached to a three-way swivel. The hook with an 18- to 20-inch 30-pound test leader is tied to one end of the swivel, and a 12-inch leader of the same strength with a four-ounce sinker is tied to the other. Whatever test line is used, the leaders to the hook and sinker should be correspondingly weaker, because one of the great annoyances in fishing the Snake is that a fisherman's hook or sinker is always getting caught on the rock-strewn bottom. It is better to sacrifice a snagged hook or weight than great lengths of main line.

Spinning gear, even the heaviest ocean type, is generally ineffective when a big sturgeon is hooked, but fishermen who are out for thrills or glory probably will continue to use it, and there is no reason why they should not. However, an angler who wants to fit his equipment to the fish should have an ocean surf-casting rod about 9½ feet long and a casting reel with a spool at least three inches in diameter and capable of holding 200 yards of line. It should have a star drag, a free-wheeling release, or clutch, and bear the trademark of a good manufacturer.

Sturgeon usually are found in deep pools of fairly fast-flowing water along the main current. A place where several main currents come together over deep water is ideal. Most fishermen make the mistake of fishing in deep still-water pools, probably because set lines are habitually submerged in such places. Sturgeon do nose through pools of this type, particularly at night, but more of them cruise along holes closer to the main current. The general idea is to place bait so it is swept into these pockets by the current without being caught in the current itself.

Now that the great white sturgeon is getting recognition as a gamefish, some scientists are beginning to speculate that the Atlantic sturgeon, which may grow to be 600 pounds, and the lake sturgeon, which hits 300 pounds or better, also could be found in greater numbers than anyone realizes if fishermen only would search for them. Occasionally there is a brief hullabaloo in the fishing columns when some un-

continued

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suspecting angler accidentally hooks into an Atlantic sturgeon, and usually there are amazed comments about what a great fight ensued. Migdalski believes Atlantic sturgeon probably could be located in concentrated groups along the eastern seaboard, and it is known that they sometimes venture into the shad sport-fishing area at Windsor Locks on the Connecticut River.

About 50,000 pounds of lake sturgeon are taken commercially each year and, while the fish has become relatively scarce in such areas as Lake of the Woods, the Great Lakes and the Ohio and St. Lawrence rivers, it probably still exists in large enough numbers to offer good sport if anglers decided to concentrate on them. Smaller lakes may also have more sturgeon than fishermen realize. It apparently never occurs to people who spear sturgeon through the ice during the winter to go after them with rod and reel at other times of the year.

Fishermen who want a few quiet hours by the side of a river to unwind after a hard week at the office should, of course, avoid sturgeon. There is the sad case of the Oregon resident who was relaxing on a small island in the Columbia when a six-foot sturgeon took his hook. Before he could do much of anything his line snagged behind a rock, and he and a friend climbed into a small rubber boat and rowed out to release it. That was a mistake, because the sturgeon was still on the line, and it simply took off, dragging the boat behind. After being towed around for an hour the fisherman was exhausted and handed his rod to his friend. After another hour the sturgeon finally was brought to the surface and there was a terrific wet, splashing struggle before the fish could be hauled into the frail boat. Since the fishermen had nothing to kill the sturgeon with, they wedged its head under one seat and its tail under the other. Then, wet to the skin and bruised and worn, one man sprawled atop the still-bucking fish while his friend rowed to shore. There are, obviously, easier ways to get sport, or even caviar. **END**

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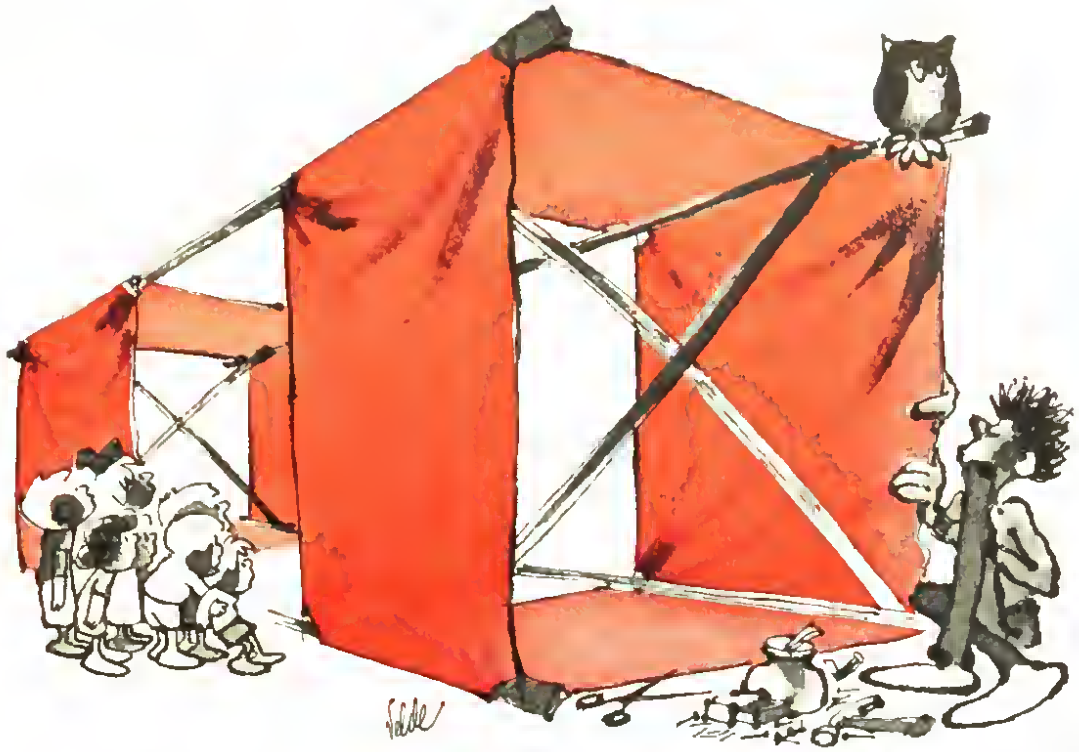

Far-out brother's far-off kite

It was lsunched long before Cape Canaveral, long before astronauts and Telstar, but it's just possible that Chet's crazy "aatellite" is still in orbit

by DOLLY CONNELLY

I really never formed an opinion regarding all those election-year claims of wasted government moneys, but of one thing I'm sure. There's no sense to those billions going into research on the man-made earth satellite project. All they'd have to do is ask my brother Chet. Or better still, train the big Schmidt telescope on Mount Palomar away from those billion-light-year galaxies out in space—which can't do any of us much good anyway—and look for Chet's kite.

I've never known a case of pubescence as devastating as my brother Chet's. He didn't slip quietly over the line into puberty like most teen-age boys, garnished with a few pimples and a cracking voice. He ran into it like a brick wall. The effects of his traumatic transition still are with him in a way. Though you'll see him go through all the proper motions when introduced to a lady, removing his hat and making little speeches, if you watch Chet closely you'll see his eyes dart around for a possible escape route.

A couple of generations back, parents just ignored the uncomfortable blossoming of their children, or at most whispered out of the sides of their mouths about it. If Chet had reached the 17-year plateau today, a good deal more fuss would have been made of it. His suffering doubtless was complicated by the fact of seven younger sisters and brothers, two of whom, John and Frank, shared his room. Also he was 6 feet 4 inches tall, as thin as a strand of spaghetti, and had strange, upstanding, stiff hair that had to be currycombed with a dog's wire brush. Young girls were overcome with titters just at the sight of him, collapsing in helpless pink confusion. And as Kitty and Bertha were at the slumber-party phase and kept the house filled with strange young girls, Chet wasn't safe anywhere. He retreated to the grain room, up until then used for chicken and rabbit feed and for the housing of occasional tramps. He simply moved out of house and family, refusing any longer—with good cause—to have anything to do with any of us.

My mother, not unsympathetic, fed him by placing his meals on the back porch steps of the house and whistling. After she was safely inside, Chet—or the cats, if they got there first—came for the food and disappeared mysteriously into the grain room, which adjoined Father's big double garage.

At regular intervals Mother, fresh out of plates, bread-and-butters, bowls, pots and pans, would grow provoked and insist upon entry into Chet's premises. Chet would unlock the heavy padlock on his door, throw himself sullenly on his Indian motorcycle and leave during the invasion, which Mother, with her head wrapped to protect her hair against Chet's owls and bats, carried off with broom, scrub brush and our red wagon. The wagon was to trundle back to the house the big bundle of soiled clothes and bedding she found, as well as the dishes. The pots and pans were retrieved from a kind of areaway in front of the grain room, where Chet soaked carburetor parts and the chain of his motorcycle in receptacles of muddy gasoline.

During Chet's motorcycle era much of my mother's cooking tasted unmistakably of petroleum products. It was particularly penetrating in our morning oat-

continued

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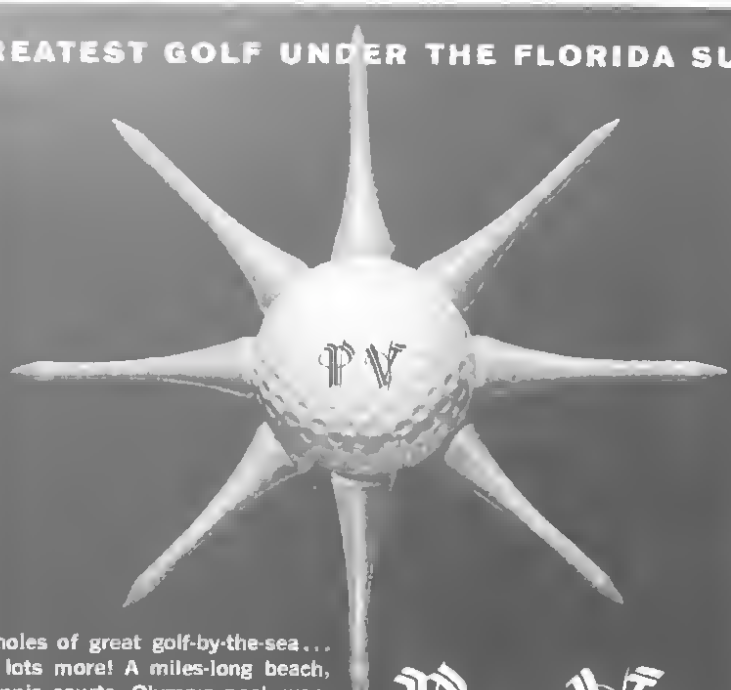

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Far-off kite *continued*

meal, and thus gave us a handy excuse to refuse our mush. You know, I still can taste gasoline in oatmeal. It may just be my imagination, as Mother always said, because I doubt that the Grandma's people would *put* gasoline in their product, even if they knew it took me right back to childhood.

Of course Chet came out of the grain room—to attend school, take his motorcycle apart, put his motorcycle back together again, travel about on intent, lone errands with his cap turned racily backwards, and collect owls. He still likes owls lots better than he does most people. Once in a while he would invite a scorned sibling to ride on the back of the motorcycle—mostly to scare the wits out of Mother.

The wild ones

Our house was set way back in a California orange orchard, the front lawn encircled with a driveway. In the back, a large graveled area extended from house to outbuildings. We'd throw our arms tight around Chet's thin middle, squunch our eyes wrinkle-tight, and ride gloriously and nearly horizontally around and around, first out in Huntington Drive past the house, and then around the front yard lawn, and then the backyard, in great, gravelly figure eights, while Mother ran from front to back door of the house screaming, "You'll kill that child!" and throwing her apron over her head.

When the gas ran out, as it did lamentably fast, the ride was over. The cycle collapsed in a last spray of gravel, Chet put us promptly off the motorcycle, pretending that no such lapse had occurred in his aloofness, and my mother came out from under her apron.

On several other occasions my brother Chet noticed us little ones, most particularly one kite season. He was very clever with his hands, rigging involved alarm systems and miniature steam engines that powered various devices out in his quarters. The uninitiated, entering Chet's retreat, triggered a pandemonium alarm reaction that sounded like the high point of a Chinese New Year—a shattering experience the first time around. He was disgusted with the pasty messes of newspaper and sticks which we called kites and expected to fly. In those days you couldn't buy a HiFlier for 10¢ at the supermarket, even if we'd lived anywhere near any kind of market.

Irritated by our low-grade efforts, Chet offered to make us a real kite, and set upon construction of a tetrahedral masterpiece the size and general shape of an outhouse laid on its side.

The kite's construction involved many little squares of silk, which Chet obtained by stealing my older sisters' petticoats and bloomers from the laundry line—which again caused a good deal of parental whispering. It was Chet's peculiar isolation which made the secret building of the kite possible. Though all but final assemblage was done in Chet's quarters, and he had long since painted over all the windows with whitewash so we couldn't watch him, we little ones were allowed glimpses of the great kite—enough to prod us into accomplishing our own share of the project.

We gathered string, fishing line, the tow rope from Father's tool kit, cord, unravelled sweaters, the cow's lead rope and the like to splice and braid into the tremendous rope which would sail Chet's kite. We grew adept at stealing plant ties, and even the narrow pink ribbons that ran in and out of the embroidery on my big sisters' shirtwaists, depositing our loot at Chet's door.

Months went by. We were too timid and too impressed to penetrate the cold aura of hauteur that surrounded my brother Chet like a miasmic fog, but we knew that he was waiting for the right wind to sail his kite. Southern California, a land of still air, is not very good for kite flying, though fair in those days for most everything else. One day we woke to popping hot dry air, chicken-house roofs sailing overhead, and a sky in torment. A full-blown santana was whistling sandily out of the desert. The day had come.

Chet hauled the whole works out of the blow, into Father's garage, and completed the final adjustments, fastening on the thick, long rope. We little ones took our positions, standing bravely in line a few feet apart, each clutched limpet-hard to the rope, thrilled and terrified speechless. Even Chet trembled at the culmination of his long work. My mother approached the back screen door and peered out to see what we were doing in the screaming wind.

With a tremendous bang, the wind swung back the garage doors and we were lifted out and up as by giant hands as the kite sailed into the heavens, each of us in turn dropping off the rope like rats shaken from a ship's hawser, as the great kite rose into the grey, gritty,

continued

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whirling sky. The rope ran out in seconds. Chet was lifted tipsy-toesies. While Mother flapped helplessly in the back porch doorway, too nervous about sand in her long black hair to come all the way out, Chet cinched the end of the rope around the front wheel of his motorcycle and sat down in the saddle.

Pretty soon the motorcycle, Chet and all, was bouncing gently up and down, threatening to take off. The kite was now a fighting, swinging box in the dirty sky, striving mightily for freedom. Mother screamed at Chet to let it go, but he tried to take a turn of the rope, now fraying, around the center stanchion of the double garage doors. A tremendous gust yanked the rope out of his hands and it swept up in the sky after the kite, now a black speck, like a live thing. We started to run—all of us, Chet too—and senselessly ran and ran and ran, wild as hares, free as the great kite released from bondage at last. I don't know why we ran, except that the wind was pushing us and we had some hazy notion of getting to the spot where the kite would come down. We ran out of breath and flopped exhausted, finally, in the Santa Anita Rancho, which was across Huntington Drive from our house at that time. It's a swank subdivision now, called, I believe, the Santa Anita Oaks, but it was nicer as "the Baldwin estate," rank with mustard weed and full of the mystery of Lucky Baldwin's crumbling mansion and gambling casino on the shore of a little lake.

Chet's kite was airborne and gone, but we saw it many times thereafter. When we slept out on the sleeping porches in summer we'd lie awake as long as possible, watching the sky, and sure enough, there would be Chet's kite, whirling by in its private orbit around the world. Other people called them meteors, or falling stars, but they couldn't have known. The kite was a secret until the day it was freed, and even then nobody knew about it but us.

All of this gave us a nice feeling of kinship with outer space. After all, we'd be up there too, sailing in the clean night, if we hadn't let go.

So all those people down in Canaveral have to do is get in touch with my brother Chet, and he'll tell them how he did it. He long since has taken down all the alarm systems and is now quite communicative. They might take along an owl, just as a conversation starter. END

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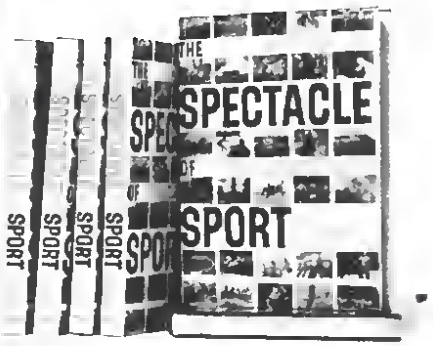

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—LARRY FRANK of Greenville, S.C. was the winner of the Southern 500-mile NASCAR race in Darlington, S.C., but it took him a long time (*see page 13*). Nearly seven hours after Robert (Junior) Johnson of Ronda, N.C. was declared winner, the confused officials rechecked the scoring and found an unaccountable error; they had completely missed one lap. Frank got the $21,730 winner's purse, and Johnson dropped to second place. Frank, in a Ford, and Johnson, in a Pontiac, both covered the hot (track-surface temperature, 145°) 500 miles in a blisteringly close 117 mph, finishing only .039 mph apart.

BUNK MOORE slammed to a stop during a 125-lap stock car race in Monroe, N.C. when a rival, Pat Nixon, cracked up. Moore turned his car broadside to keep other racers from piling into the flaming wreck and dragged the unconscious Nixon to safety. Then he roared back into the race, and won it.

BOATING—BILL MUNCEY, 33, the nearly unbeatable Seattle speedster, nervily navigated *Miss Century 21* through a 15-mile course dangerously sprinkled with storm-loosened debris, sweeping all three heats of the Governor's Cup at Madison, Ind. Muncey thus retired the cup he had won twice previously, and collected his third straight unlimited hydro national championship.

ONDINE, S.A. Lona's aluminum yawl, comfortably whipped 82 boats in the 233-mile Stamford-Vineyard race through Long Island Sound. Long, a Park Avenue ship broker, won the new North American Racing Trophy for the best record in six East Coast ocean races. He then sent *Ondine* off on a 70-day trip to Australia for the Sydney-Hobart ocean race, which will make her the first American entry to compete in the event.

BRIDGE—JULES WRIGHT, a Yale senior and an occasional player, drew a hand that the law of probability says is a 635,013,559,600-to-one-shot—13 spades. Wright, playing with his mother and two friends in Wilmington, Del., made 3,280 points on the hand, doubled, redoubled and vulnerable.

FOOTBALL—AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE opened in Denver before an SRO crowd of 28,000—largest ever to see a pro game there—which roared delightedly as Jack Faulkner's recharged Broncos upset San Diego 30–21. Houston beat Buffalo 28–23 in Buffalo. Fullback Charlie Tolar sprinted 19 yards for the Oilers' first touchdown of the season, and Quarterback George Blanda showed up the Bills' pass defense. Halfback Abner Haynes scored four touchdowns as Dallas downed the Boston Patriots, 42–28, in Dallas. With newcomer Lee Grosscup leading the way with three touchdown passes (he signed with the Titans only two days earlier), New York beat Oakland in Oakland, Calif. 28–17.

GAMES—JAPAN won gold medals in volleyball and tennis to complete its domination over 16 other nations competing in the Fourth Asian Games in Jakarta. The Japanese finished with 1,137½ points. Host Indonesia was a pallid runner-up with 401½.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS, driving hard and putting neatly, beat Arnold Palmer and Gary Player in the $75,000 World Series of Golf at the Firestone Country Club in Akron (*see page 26*). With a brilliant show of sub-par golf on one of the country's most demanding courses, Nicklaus shot a 66 and a 69 for a total of 135, 5 under par. Player and Palmer tied at 139.

HORSE RACING—CANDY SPOTS ($6.60), cut off at the start, still managed to break through a 12-horse field to win the first running of the $357,250 Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago (*see page 54*), the world's richest race. Rex Ellsworth, who thought Candy Spots was a slow developer, grudgingly entered the 2-year-old after Jockey Willie Shoemaker urged him to. Shoemaker then proceeded to urge Candy Spots through a drizzle to cover the seven furlongs in a fast 1:21⅘. He beat favored Never Bend by half a length.

RAMBUNCTIOUS ($13.60) took the $114,910 World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City after a breathless duel through the stretch with Be Somebody. Getting his first big stake victory, the only Jersey-bred entry in the 12-horse field zipped through seven furlongs in 1:22⅘ to win by a head. Earlier, a flabbergasted crowd watched highly favored Kelso lose. Running in what amounted to a workout for this week's big United Nations Handicap, Kelso just didn't have it. He finished fourth behind the winner, Call the Witness ($26.60).

SMART DEB ($7.60) stayed unbeaten, surprising highly favored Affectionately in the $102,760 Matron Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Aqueduct. Mrs. Russell L. Reineman's Chicago challenger pulled away in the stretch under Bob Ussery's whipping, finishing a length and a half ahead of Fashion Verdict. Affectionately faltered home a tired third.

CROZIER ($9.80) burst out of the shadowy ranks of runners-up by beating a stellar field in the $106,300 Aqueduct Stakes. Fred Hooper's 4-year-old defeated Guadalcanal by half a length, with Ridan and Carry Back a close third and fourth in the mile-and-an-eighth event.

HUSTLING MAN ($11.40) won that annual Labor Day cavalry charge, the $222,850 All-American Futurity for quarter horses at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. Owned by J. B. Ferguson of Wharton, Texas, who entered a horse in each of the past three Futurities without success, Hustling Man hurtled through the 400-yard sprint in 20.3 to beat nine 2-year-olds.

HORSES—EBONY MASTERPIECE stepped ahead of 1,203 horses in the Tennessee Walking Horse National Celebration in Shelbyville, and walked away with the $3,500 Grand Championship Stake. The new champion is a 6-year-old stallion, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hale of Gallatin, Tenn.

PARACHUTING—MURIEL SIMBRO, 35, outmaneuvered 34 rivals from 11 countries to win the women's jumping title in the concluding phases of the world championships in Orange, Mass. The easy falling Californian from Van Nuys also led the American women to first place in the women's team scoring. She was followed by Dagmar Kuldova of Czechoslovakia and Nona Pond of New Salem, Mass. James Arender of Tulsa took the men's title. Czech Vaclav Klima was second and Army Sergeant Dick Fortenberry third. Czechoslovakia won the men's team events and piled up 2,226,084 points to barely edge the U.S., which scored 2,225,852 points, for the overall victory. Russia finished third in the three-week fallathon that attracted teams from 24 nations, including one Yugoslav jumper who has refused to leave, asking to remain as a political refugee.

ROWING—GERMANY captured five gold medals and a bronze in the world championships in Lucerne. In an impressive display, equaled only by Germany's outstanding 1936 Olympic performance, the rowers won the pairs with and without coxswains, the coxed and uncoxed fours and the eights, as well as a bronze medal in the double sculls. Russia's Olympic gold medalist, Vyacheslav Ivanov, won the single sculls, and a surprisingly strong French team produced winners with René Fuhamel and Bernard Monnereau in the doubles.

TENNIS—ROD LAVER ripped through the national singles at Forest Hills, N.Y. (*see page 51*) for the first Grand Slam since Don Budge did it in 1938. The redheaded left-hander beat Roy Emerson in the all-Australian men's finals, 6–2, 6–4, 5–7, 6–4. In the semifinals Laver lambasted a wriggling Rafael Osuna, the Mexican Davis Cup ace, 6–1, 6–3, 6–4. Emerson had earlier dashed the hopes of the last American survivor, Chuck McKinley of St. Ann, Mo., 4–6, 6–4, 6–3, 6–2. Margaret Smith, 20, the Australian loner, beat a revitalized Darlene Hard, 26, last year's champion, 9–7, 6–4 in the women's final. The powerful Miss Smith had to play brilliantly to beat another former champion, Brazil's Maria Bueno, in the semifinals, 6–8, 6–3, 6–4.

MILEPOSTS—DONATED: 7,764 more acres of timber to Maine's Baxter State Park by Former Governor Percival P. Baxter, 85, whose gifts to the park during the past 30 years now total a huge 201,018 acres, the largest individual donation of land ever turned over to a state for recreation.

DIED: MIKE KELSEY, 20, Southern Methodist football player who suffered a fatal heat stroke during opening day of practice, in Dallas. Kelsey, in whose name a scholarship fund is being established, was one of several heat-prostration cases incurred during practice sessions (*see page 14*).

DIED: MORTON L. RUBINOW, 35, noted bridge player and instructor, from a heart attack in New York. Rubinow, who played on the winning 1959 Masters' team and pairs and represented the U.S. in the 1960 world championships in Turin, was widely respected as a teacher who sought simplicity in bidding and a player who never complained about his partner's play.

DIED: WILLIAM J. CLOTHIER, 80, wealthy Philadelphia businessman and sportsman, longtime horseman and tennis player (national singles champion in 1906 and a member of the first Davis Cup team), who persisted in sports in spite of many a broken bone, including one that kept him bedridden for his wedding ceremony; following a series of strokes, at his farm in Valley Forge, Pa.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

18-23—Steve Schapiro-Black Star; **25**—Phil Bath, **40**—Jerry Taylor, **42, 43**—Richard Meek drawing by Francis Golden; **44**—Tony Tirolo; **45**—Keystone Press; **51, 52**—Wil Blanche, **60**—Phil Bath, **79**—John A. Proft, C. Cowles, Pete Woldmeir, Ilsbeth Miner, Palo Alto Times; **80**—A.P.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DICKSIE HOYT, 16, won the national girls' water-ski-jumping title by leaping 82 feet at Callaway Gardens, Ga. A week later the New Jersey high school senior took the North American girls' title at Lake Placid, N.Y., with firsts in the jump, tricks and slalom events.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. ALLEN, 68, of Brookline, Me., who once served on J.P. Morgan's luxury steamboat and captained yachts for other financiers, entered Maine's Retired Skippers Race—17 miles on Penobscot Bay—in a 43-foot yawl and beat 14 fellow captains.

CAROL GILMORE, 26, pitched 45 scoreless innings in the women's world softball series in Stratford, Conn., to lead the Orange (Calif.) Lionettes to a sixth title in 12 years. She won five games by "letting them hit the ball so our fielders could do the work."

OSCAR OBERT, 32, oldest of three brothers from New York City who have won 44 handball titles, beat brother Carl 21–17, 21–19 in Detroit for the outdoor three-wall singles championship. But Oscar and brother Ruby lost the doubles to John Solan and Marty Decatur.

STEVE MOORE, 15, has won more races on Long Island Sound this summer than any other sailor. Racing his Blue Jay, *Jerky Bird*, he took the national title, plus championships in the Larchmont and Manhasset Bay race weeks and his own Manhasset club's junior regatta.

KITTY BARKLEY, 15, a Palo Alto (Calif.) high school sophomore, took the senior women's diving crown during the record-producing Far Western swim meet at Foothill College in Los Altos, Calif. She outperformed four other girls in the final to win by a 20-point margin.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

LITTLE MAN who hit hard were Indians' Bubba Phillips, who batted .370, Giants' Jose Pagan, who had three HRs. Both are 5 feet 9.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It was hardly the place you would expect to find Jack Kennedy, but there he was in Washington with a bat in hand playing his first major league game. He swung with typical Kennedy vigor and the ball landed on the far side of the new frontier (otherwise known as the fence). This was not the real Jack Kennedy, merely a namesake who is exactly 24 years younger. His was only the second pinch homer hit in the AL by a batter in his first big league at-bat. Shortstop Kennedy, recently called up from the Carolina (no, not Caroline) League, is appropriately positioned alongside a man named Johnson (Third Baseman Bob). Not to be upstaged, Jimmy Piersall put on a few acts. Once he ran for second base—backward. Another time, on his way to the outfield, he pulled the cap off the head of Umpire John Rice. And he might have become the first switch hitter to get an intentional walk, taking the first pitch as a right-handed batter and the final three as a left-hander. Gary Geiger of Boston, who normally hits from the left side, also became a switch hitter. His reason was more valid: "When you're batting only .233 something has to be done." In his first at-bat as a right-hander he struck out on three pitches. Chicago's Early Wynn, too, had his troubles this year, but he kept on pitching with the same right hand that had won 298 games. Four times he tried in vain for his 299th victory, losing by scores such as 2–0, 3–2 and 4–3. Once he lamented, "When I pump the ball I occasionally follow through too hard and hit my elbow on my knee. It feels like a door slamming on it." Last week, with hitting support from his teammates, Wynn slammed the door on the Senators and won his 299th. Detroit's Terry Fox, though 15 years younger than Wynn, could truly be called an old soak. To cure his aching elbow he submerged it in hot water three times daily during the winter. Last week, his arm better and drier, he saved a 10-inning shutout for Don Mossi. Al Kaline, who has 78 RBIs in 80 games, hit four homers. Baltimore pitchers gave up just a little more than three runs a game but, with the Orioles hitting only .244, lost six of eight and were barely able to keep Cleveland from taking sixth place from them. Between games of a doubleheader 200 barbershop singers gathered at home plate for a songfest. When Minnesota hitters got to bome plate they drove in seven runs a game in six wins. Bob Allison hit four home runs, one while virtually swinging with one hand as he fell away from the plate. Jim Kaat and Camilo Pascual each won twice. The infielders, too, were at their best, extending their streak of errorless games to 13. Bill Fischer of Kansas City ran his string of walkless innings to 55⅓, 10 shy of the league record. Christy Mathewson's record is 68 innings. Several weeks ago Owner Charles O. Finley suggested that Manny Jimenez might try for homers rather than singles. Jimenez has hit a scant .202 and his BA has dropped from .333 to .305 SF (Since Finley). It seemed contagious last week, for the Athletics, who lead the AL in hitting, batted .220. Amid such difficulties, it was understandable that Manager Hank Bauer should buy a half interest in a beer-distributing firm. New York, which has won 85% of the pennants (11 of 13) beginning with 1949, did not look like the Yankees of old, but they managed to win three one-run games and hold onto first place. Los Angeles came through with some important rallies, won once although outhit 11–3 and doggedly kept striving. Although almost assuredly out of the race, they had to be admired.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

When the season ends Houston Manager Harry Craft might well consider bonuses for his relievers. In 331 innings they have a 2.29 ERA and have 21 of the team's first 56 wins, including six of seven last week. In an effort to beat the Phillies, who had defeated them 15 times in a row, a Break-the-jinx Night was held. In all, 2,478 fans were admitted for half price for bringing good-luck charms that included one live skunk. Kid Dugan was hired to put his Slobotkee Stares to work against the Phillies. It was not until Gene Mauch, the Phillies' manager, shifted from the third-base coaching box, where he was in direct line with the Stares, to first base that the Colt .45s gave up a run. The Phillies scored enough runs to win a doubleheader, but finally lost the next day when Bob Bruce pitched a four-hitter. That was Philadelphia's lone defeat and, with eight wins in their past 10 games, they had a good chance of catching sixth-place Milwaukee. Stan Moore's Roustabouts, talented dogs who did midair flips, helped the Braves' fans forget that their team was slumping. A shutout by Tony Cloninger was the Braves' only win in seven games. New York went two days without a loss. That they did not play on those days was inconsequential. When they did play they made 13 errors and lost six of seven. Los Angeles (*see page 24*) made 16 errors. Maury Wills made five of them but stole nine bases (giving him 83) and broke Bob Bescher's NL record of 80. Cincinnati's pennant aspirations were literally spiked when Gordy Coleman's foot was gashed. Until then the Reds had gained four games on the Dodgers in five days. Pittsburgh's hopes, too, were knocked askew by two come-from-behind losses to the Colt .45s. After five successive losses Chicago was lodged more deeply in ninth place than at any time since early July. Gene Oliver of St. Louis had hit only seven homers all season. Then he began using the type of thin-barreled bat that had enabled him to hit 36 home runs for Portland last year. Last week he hit four. Manager Johnny Keane had cause to fret, however; Pierre, his poodle, was missing. San Francisco, with Willie Mays batting fifth for the first time since 1954, and with Harvey Kuenn and Felipe Alou "accidentally" hitting home runs on hit-and-run plays, made a concerted effort to do everything first-class. They even had a poolside party at Jayne Mansfield's pink mansion. This might give the Giants an added incentive for a pennant party, for it would be only proper for these gentlemen to reciprocate by inviting Jayne. **END**

THE SEASON (through September 8)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Runnels, Bos .338	Kirkland, Clev .201
Batting (NL)	T. Davis, LA .341	Santo, Chi .232
Home run hitters (AL)	Killebrew, Minn 37 (1 per 13 AB)	Fox, Chi 1 (547 AB)
Home run hitters (NL)	Mays, SF 42 (1 per 13 AB)	Lillis, Hous 0 (424 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Terry, NY 20-10	Daniels, Wash 7-15 Schwall, Bos 7-15
Pitching (NL)	Drysdale, LA 23-7	Craig, NY 7-23
ERA (AL)	Aguirre, Det 2.17	Walker, KC 6.04
ERA (NL)	Koufax, LA 2.15	Hobbie, Chi 5.28
Complete games (AL)	Pascual, Minn 15 (28 starts)	Grba, LA 1 (24 starts)
Complete games (NL)	Mahaffey, Phil 19 (34 starts)	R. L. Miller, NY 0 (19 starts)
Team HRs (AL)	Detroit 187	Chicago 85
Team HRs (NL)	San Francisco 181	Houston 95
Team Runs (AL)	New York 717	Washington 561
Team Runs (NL)	San Francisco 769	Houston 510
Team SBs (AL)	Washington 92	Minnesota 27
Team SBs (NL)	Los Angeles 162	Houston 38

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON THE BEACH

Sirs:

We thoroughly enjoyed every word of your write-up of Newport Beach, Calif. (*Boom Beach on the Blue Pacific*, Sept. 3). But one objection we have to your TRAVEL FACTS is the glaring omission of our most favorite place to eat—namely, the Crab-cooker—where, on weekends only, you will taste the best clam chowder ever made and eat fish cooked only on charcoal. We like the clam chowder so well that whenever we can manage a trip to Newport we take at least a gallon home with us on the plane.

MRS. MORRIS KAPLAN

Denver

Sirs:

I am especially glad you put the grommies and ho-dads in their place. These two groups are the ones who give us true surfers at Newport Beach the bad name. Thanks for informing the public that surfing is not as bad a sport as it may appear.

HARRY KETTMER

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sirs:

You tell of news in Newport, R.I., Newport, Ky., and Newport, Calif. and speculate on the news in Newport, Ore. (SCORECARD, Sept. 3). But what about the Pennsylvania Newport? Please be advised that at that time a baseball team from Newport, Pa. qualified to play against Blain, Pa. in the final series of the Perry-Juniata League playoffs.

CARROLL F. PURDY JR.
President, Perry-Juniata League

New Bloomfield, Pa.

Sirs:

Something was happening in Newport, Ore. and you did miss it. An airborne party of 15 press and TV representatives landed at the Newport airport to preview the new Salishan Beach development on the Oregon coast. Salishan includes a par-challenging nine-hole golf course, complete with sand traps and ocean view.

Sorry you could not be with us.

TED WAGONER

Portland, Ore.

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Sirs:

Colonel Donald Hull's warning to high schools that athletes who participate in open competition not sanctioned by the AAU "will disqualify themselves from international competition" (SCORECARD, Sept. 10) is absurd. On a jurisdictional question the international body will not suspend *all* the high school track athletes in the U.S., and we do not believe that Colonel Hull acting for the AAU would either.

SEYMOUR LIEBERMAN
Chief Counsel, U.S. Track and Field Federation

Houston

ORGANIZATIONS

Sirs:

John Lovesey's article concerning Jim Beatty and the Los Angeles Track Club (*The Summit Chase of an Organization Miler*, Sept. 3) strangely enough seems to parallel Bobby Fischer's story concerning Russian domination of world chess (*The Russians Have Fixed World Chess*, Aug. 20). In each case we have a contestant in an individual sport who is helped to the top by his "team," leaving other contestants without such help to win titles or records on their own.

Are we not applying a double standard, both condemning and condoning the same practice, depending on who is involved?

ROBERT CLARK

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

After reading your excellent article on Jim Beatty and his "track army," which seems to be making an assault on every record from the mile to 5,000 meters, I couldn't help thinking that perhaps all this organization and pacesetting, etc., is a waste of time in the mile. It seems that when Peter Snell set his record in the mile he did it without the help of pacesetters. I believe that Beatty would reach his greatest height if he could race against Snell, using his brain as his only pacesetter.

RICHARD NELSON

Birmingham, Mich.

THE GOOD NEW DAYS

Sirs:

It was gratifying to me to see in Stanley Frank's article on the modern baseball scene (*What Ever Happened to Baseball?* Aug. 27) acknowledgment in print of the vast superiority of today's ballplayers over those of "the good old days."

The fact is that the athletes of today are bigger, stronger, faster and better trained than their counterparts of yesteryear. The progress in track and field, which measures these skills directly, is ample proof of that. No one would say that the trackmen or swimmers or basketball or football players

continued

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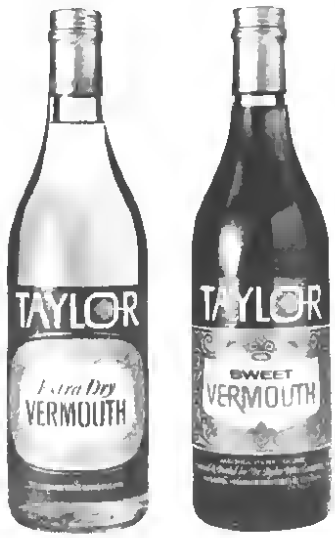

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of 30 years ago were better than those of today. Why do we say so in baseball?

DAN GLAZER

Mexico City

AWASH

Sirs:

Even though we're practically awash with salty lore these America's Cup days, maybe you'll tell us what "maximum hull speed" means. I was on a 26-foot 4-inch racing keel sloop last weekend which seemed to whiz right along in a breeze of about seven knots. When I asked the skipper what his maximum speed would be in a brisk blow, suggesting 10 knots, he said, "Certainly not! We're only 19 feet on the waterline," which suggested to my simple mind that she'd have been faster if she'd been, let's say, 23 feet on the water. They say that a small boat will not be as fast as a big boat even though their proportions of weight, hull, shape and sail area are the same. Why not?

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

New York City

● In boats designed to sail in the water rather than skim over its surface the maximum speed attainable will increase as the length of the waterline increases. The great Nathanael Herreshoff figured the speed in knots of a displacement boat at 1.3 times the square root of the waterline length.—ED.

SUMMER SOLDIERS

Sirs:

I should like to enlarge a bit about the "Bad Business" of high school football practice in August (SCORECARD, Sept. 3).

As background, I should explain that I am a general practitioner in a small town just 15 miles from Gillespie, Ill., where the 15-year-old boy I believe you had reference to died following the first practice session of his high school football team. I have been actively watching over and supervising the health-and-injury aspect and advising our high school athletic program for about 10 years, in addition to being a member of our school board, and I believe much of the blame heaped upon the game of football is wrongly placed, because it has been forced into the late summer by basketball. The latter sport is spread out to such an extent that high school athletes must finish football before the middle of November. Consequently, to make the schedule worthwhile the first football game must be played by the middle of September. This leaves less than two weeks of school for practice before the first game, and this is obviously too little time to condition the players, let alone teach them the game. The state high school athletic association therefore allows the coaches to start football workouts on a specific date, usually about one week before school opens. Thus practice always starts in hot, humid weather—which is responsible for most of these tragic deaths.

As preventive measures, I offer the following alternatives: 1) Move the earliest date to start basketball practice back a few weeks or 2) allow the coaches to start football workouts even earlier, so that the conditioning may be more gradual or 3) shorten the football schedule. These alternatives are, of course, in addition to careful physical examination before going out for practice, and elimination of the boys who are in such poor shape that the conditioning itself would be dangerous.

JAMES C. HAWKINS, M.D.

Staunton, Ill.

Sirs:

Your reference to the first fatality of the 1962 football season apparently refers to Edward Lucas, a 15-year-old St. Cecilia High School sophomore from Hackensack, N.J., who died recently at a preseason training camp from a cardiac malfunction due to secondary heat exhaustion.

You stated that it's "routine" in many schools to hold football practice in the middle of August. This may be so, but there is a New Jersey State Interscholastic Athletic Association rule that prohibits football practice before Sept. 1.

Conditions in high school sport are getting pretty low when a school bypasses a state athletic ruling and holds preseason training in another state. But that is just what happened (the camp was held at a Carmelite seminary in Hamilton, Mass.).

DON MACAULAY

Long Branch, N.J.

Sirs:

I firmly believe that the reason our schools overemphasize their athletic teams is not solely because of so many misguided booster clubs, school boards and coaching staffs. The main fault stems from uninformed parents who pressure for a winning team.

JOHN E. SAUCIER

Toledo

LOCAL ITEMS

Sirs:

Your September 3 issue was crowded with events of interest to some of us here in Monroe, La. My family and I just returned from a most enjoyable stay at the Newporter Inn in Newport Beach (*Boom Beach*). Clifford Ann Creed (*Golf Gets a Little Ben*) is well known to Monroe golfers, as she has often participated in our local tournaments. And last but not least, Homero Blancas (*The Fantastic Round of Happy Homero*) won our annual Labor Day 72-hole Cotton States Tournament quite far ahead in a fast field for this size tournament.

Not often does a national publication have so much of interest in one issue for a single community of this size.

WALTER W. KELLOGG

Monroe, La.

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To give us time, though less it may
In gratitude for this very me.

II. Thank you those who have suffered much
Who for me, for us, have undergonessuch
For our sake and welfare they tried to give
Us all the best they can to help us live.

III. I thank you, friends and pals
For those who have accepted me as I am
For even those who never understood
My every move, my every mood.

IV. Though enemy, friend they'd be
I thank you, Lord, for them with me
For they have made me whole at heart
Stronger more and wiser for another start.

V. And now though we have to part
I give you a priceless gift of heart
[illegible] my [illegible] will be
[illegible] measured by anything, you'll see.

VI. Good day, so long, my friend you'll see
Good night for now, for we will be
Someday still friends like now, someway
For when this other journey that we face will end,
we'll meet again someday.

by: Rachael M. Santos
IV - St. John Vianney